

Student

REVIEW

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY'S UNOFFICIAL MAGAZINE • SEPTEMBER 2, 1992

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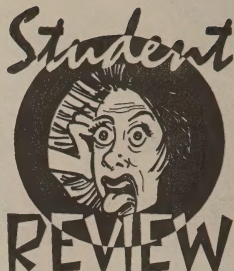
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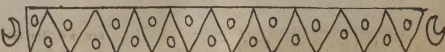
NOTE from the current staff:

Well this issue actually made it, and we
somewhat survived the ordeal. Will we do it
again next year? Probably. But enough of our
own musings.

This year has been a great year of change at the
Review, both designwise and otherwise.
Glorious color came forth under the expert
fingers of Bastian and Hamer, and we are
fortunate enough that Bastian was still here to
add some more color to our lives. We've had
many of our staffers move on into the real
world—some looking for otherworlds—and
we'd like to thank them for making this year a
great success. We look forward to the new faces
that will be joining the team this year. Welcome
aboard!

thank you:

Matt Stannard, John Hamer, Carrie Hamer, Eric
Bench, Spaff, Farrel Lines, Guenevere Nelson,
Scott Crawford, Bill Gay, Shawn Holman, John
Armstrong, Annica Burns, Merin Hunter, Melissa
Sucher, Maryn Roos, Rich Littlefield, Maren
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Student REVIEW

Pick up

*At the Bottom of Maeser Hill, Near the
Smith Field House, By the Botany
Pond, By the French House, By and in
Kinko's on 700E, Crest on 700E,
Minuteman on 900E, Near Kent's
Market, Near DT on 900E, Pegasus
Music on 1230 N and University Mall,
Ambassador Pizza, Harts on Canyon
Road, The Pie Pizzaria,
Universal Campus Credit Union,
Graywhale CD, The Living Room,
Atticus Books, Café Haven, Carousel,
Food-4-Less, ShopKo, Albertson's,
Smith's, Johnny B's, Allen Fraser,
Sounds Easy, The Underground,
Crandall Audio, Import Auto, The
Torch, and TaylorMaid Beauty Supply*

NOT TV GUIDE

by Dave Bastian and Eric Bench

Monday

6AM **(1)** **WAKE THE HELL UP AMERICA (CC);** 3hrs. Scheduled: Miguelito Valdez, Tom Davis, Mary Smith, plus several other obscure people you've never heard of.

(2) **BODY BY BUDWEISER—Exercise;** 5 hrs. Host: Lou Albano.

(TNN) **NASHVILLE NEVER!—Variety;** 60 min.

9AM (USA) **\$4.50 PYRAMID**

(ESPN) **WRESTLING: WWF, AFL, CIO, NAACP (CC);** 90 min. Live from the Seattle King Dome.

(TNT) **MOVIE—Documentary;** 2 hrs. ★★ "Weekend at Bernie Shaw's." (1991) R: Language, Partial Nudity. The critically acclaimed CNN anchor gives an exclusive tour of his Atlanta mansion, and shares insights on his experiences during the Gulf War.

11AM (HBO) **MOVIE—Adventure;** 9 hrs. ★ "Son of Abyss." (1990) Silly sequel to "The Abyss," filmed in James Cameron's bathtub. A wealthy socialite gets her toe stuck in the bath faucet; a crew of crack plumbers is miniaturized (a-la "Fantastic Voyage") and sent into the pipes to secure her release. Julia Roberts, Val Kilmer, Jack Lemmon.

7PM (3) **SPECIAL—YOU'RE A SCHLEMIEL, CHARLIE BROWN (CC);** 30 min. New Peanuts adventure, introducing the character of Saul Silverstein, boy psychiatrist. Saul steals the show as he becomes Lucy's partner; he whips Schroeder into a real man, weans Linus from his blanket, advises Snoopy on the practical merits of getting neutered, and causes Charlie Brown to seriously reflect on the reasons why he has been taking so much crap from Lucy for all these years.

(ENC) **MOVIE—Drama;** 2 hrs. ★★ "Hard to Hold." (1989) After spending 7 years in a coma, a cop returns to his old job, hampered by the indignities of continual incontinence. Steven Seagal, Kelly LeBrock.

(SHO) **MOVIE—Drama;** 2 hrs. 45 min. ★★ "Little Men." (1979) Loose adaptation of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Ricardo Montalban easily steals the show as the irrepressible con man McTeeg. Herve Villechaize, Billy Barty, Dudley Moore, Sonny Bono.

Tuesday

11AM (15) **I LOVE LUIGI—Comedy;** 30 min.

(TBS) **LUST BOAT—Comedy;** 60 min. Passengers include a self-pitying kleptomaniac (Nancy Reagan), a recovering alcoholic with a perverse addiction (Jimmy Swagart), and a pathetic, self-styled lothario starved for attention (Gerald Rivera). (Repeat)

(MTV) **TOTALLY PALS**

(VSN) **MOVIE—Suspense;** 1 hr. 20 min. ★★ "Another 48 Hours." (1989) Ambitious religious epic about the trials and tribulations of an incensed Mormon missionary with a gun; he is laid-over in Chicago's O'Hare airport, unable to return to his home.

3PM (TMC) **MOVIE—Science Fiction (EW);** 7 hrs. ★★ "The Godsend." (1950) Thousands of willing, ready, and beautiful babes are sent to the far-flung future to repopulate the world after a natural disaster has reduced the world's men to a mere half dozen. Gene Tierney, Ava Gardner, Betty Grable, Vivian Leigh, Deborah Paget, Lauren Bacall, Marilyn Monroe, Debbie Reynolds, Rita Hayworth, Jane Russell, Doris Day, Carmen Miranda, and a cast of thousands. Professor Von Webber: Vincent Price.

(HBO) **MOVIE—Suspense;** 1 hr. 2 min. ★ "Flatliners." (1988) Aspiring coal miners cross the line of mining ethics to explore the effects of bashing each other flat as pancakes with shovels and picks. Kiefer Sutherland, Kevin Bacon, Julia Roberts.

(4) **CALL AND COMPLAIN;** 90 min.

8PM (2) **BATTLE OF THE NETWORK STARS (CC);** 90 min. Ted Koppel dukes it out with Barbara Walters in this slugfest featuring America's most annoying TV anchors and talk show hosts. Also featured: Oprah Winfrey vs. Sally Jesse Raphael mud-wrestling; Regis Philbin & Kathy Lee Gifford take on Byron Allen & Bryant Gumbel in a match of tag-team Wesson Oil twister; Phil Donohue and Dan Rather face off over nine holes of miniature golf.

(4) **GET A REAL LIFE**

(18) **NUMB BUNS—Couch Potato Talent Contest.**

Wednesday

7AM (16) **KINKO THE CLOWN—Cartoon**

(AMC) **MOVIE—Drama (EW);** 45 min. ★★ "It's a Wonderful Lie." (1947) Jimmy Stewart stars in this familiar tale of George Bailey, a desperate man who considers suicide; an angel grants him a rare glimpse of what life might have been without tyrant Mr. Potter; George then considers homicide. Happily, George awakens Christmas morning to find it had all been a bad dream induced by spoiled eggnog. Donna Reed, Lionel Barrymore.

Noon (TBS) **MOVIE—Comedy;** 2 hrs. ★ "The Outing." (1987) Lame farce about a genie in a bottle rubs everyone the wrong way. Paul Reubens, Larry Hagman, Barbara Eden.

(5) **AS THE STOMACH TURNS (CC)—** Soap Opera; 60 min.

(2) **GUESS WHAT I HAVE IN MY POCKET—Game**

(7) **MONTY PYTHON'S FLYING CIRCUMCISION;** 6 min. At 50,000 feet, in the nose of a 747, with turbulence over the Swiss Alps, this procedure can be tricky!

(1) **THE BEST OF MAX SCHMELLING (CC);** 60 min.

(1) **MOVIE—Fantasy;** 2 hrs. 30 min. ★★ "Wear Whatever You Want, We Don't Even Care If You Never Get a Haircut." (Made for TV: 1991) The title says it all. Students at a large intermountain university are told that the administration has so much faith in their maturity and good taste that they can now determine their own standards of dress and conduct. Winona Ryder, Johnny Dep. President: Gordon Jump.

9PM (18) **BEVERLY SILLS 54-48-54**

(NIK) **MR. WIZARD'S WORLD;** 30 min. Mr. Wizard teaches kids how to make dry ice bombs, give dad a hotfoot, plus creative uses of arsenic in the kitchen.

(16) **MOVIE—Horror;** 4 hrs. 22 min. ★★ "Godzilla Meets Mike Tyson" (1990) Iron Mike flies to Moscow to judge the "Miss Hammer & Sickle" contest; he harasses Raisa Grobachev, and is sent to Chernobyl, where he mutates into a giant known as "Mr. Goldtooth"; he later fights with the radioactive behemoth from Japan, and is thrown through a mountain. Mike Tyson, Raymond Burr, Toshiro Mifune.

Thursday

(1) **CAPTAIN KANGAROO;** 60 min. The captain can't control the hysterical Mr. Green Jeans, who demands that the Captain either grow a beard or shave off those ghastly sideburns; bunny rabbit blows away moose with a sawed-off shotgun; dancing bear waltzes out an open window twenty stories up. (Repeat)

(7) **MR. ROGER'S BOYZ N DA HOOD;** 30 min. Wimpy Fred Rogers is terrorized by local hoodlums, but fights back by organizing his "kiddy guerrillas."

6PM (TBS) **MOVIE—Comedy;** 5hrs. ★★ "The Gods Must Be Crazy III." (1989). Nixau, the adventurous bushman, hires an agent who gets him booked on the talk show circuit. He appears on Arsenio, Late Night with David Letterman, and on Donohue. After a short-lived moment of glory in Hollywood, Nixau applies for citizenship, moves to Washington D.C., and eventually becomes mayor. Δ

close
up

GREAT PERFORMANCES
Friday 1 AM **7**

STROMBOLINI'S WEDDING

An "Opera in America" presentation of Paulo Verducci's imaginative opera. Flattening the pizza dough against his bare chest, John Candy gives a tour de force performance as Strombolini, a lonely pizza chef plying his trade out of a small shop on the East Side of Anchorage, Alaska. Enter Celeste Goodbody, hungry high-fashion model from New York, who samples some of the good chef's wares and immediately falls in love. In Act II, the two marry and settle down in Juneau.

Tragedy strikes in Act III as Celeste flies to Paris for a photo shoot; her plane plunges into the Atlantic and is never found. Distraught, the embittered Strombolini walks lemming-like out to sea, deluded that he can find his Celeste.

In the opera's conclusion, a group of environmentalists spots the chef's corpse, mistaking it for a beached whale.

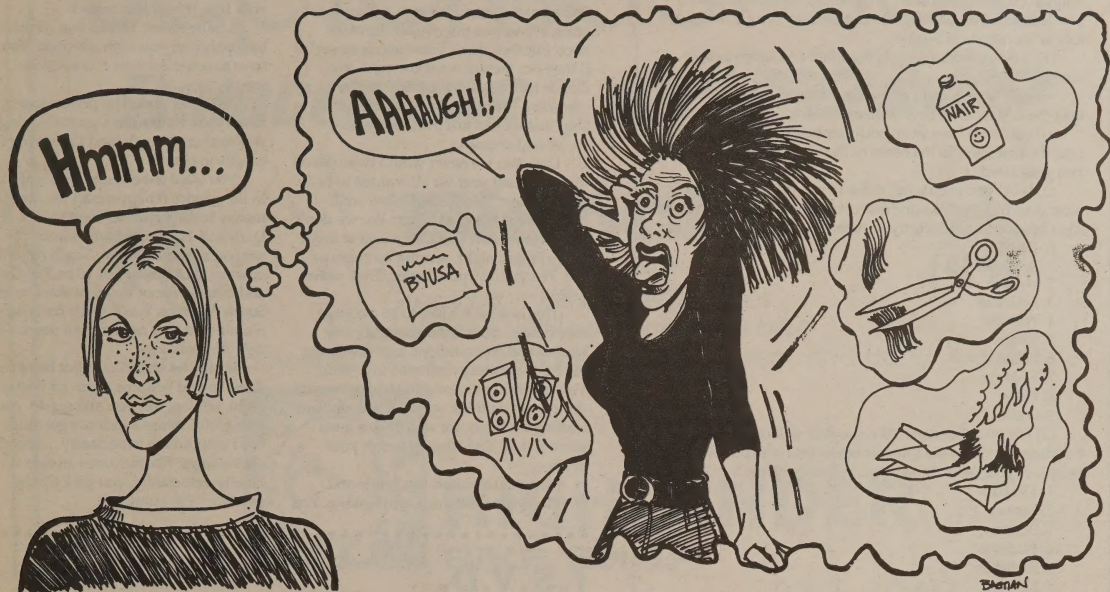


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PRETENDING YOU'VE CAUGHT
SOMEONE WITH A "Y"
STICKER PARKED IN AN
"A" LOT!!





how to kill your roommate

by rachel paulsen

We're well into the month of October. By now, you must have a pretty good idea of whether or not you want to kill your roommate. For your sake, I hope everything's fine and you're best friends and have morning and evening prayers together. Unfortunately, reality is not always that kind.

You don't have to kill your roommate. Murder has its unpleasant retributions. You can, however, bully your roommate out of your place with no fuss, possibly in time for Christmas, by following this list of simple guidelines. We've compiled a list of actual scare tactics—most applicable to both male and female apartment

dwellers. If you have any questions unique to a particular group, please submit them.

- (1) Read aloud passages from *Tennis Shoes Among the Nephites* while she's trying to do her physics homework.
- (2) Play Front 242 and Minor Threat all Sunday afternoon.
- (3) Put Purplesaurus Rex Kool-Aid in her hair spray bottle.
- (4) Plaster her wall with R-rated Calvin Klein ads (if you can convince her you're the anti-Christ, that's half the battle).
- (5) Dress like Madonna. Talk about how much you admire the Material Girl's sense of right and wrong.
- (6) Post Camille Paglia quotes on

your door.

- (7) Make her bed and clean out her desk. When confronted, say, "I just wanted to be of service to you."
- (8) Mark her scriptures for her.
- (9) Burn her mail.
- (10) Cut her hair while she's sleeping. Leave the scissors in her hand and convince her she sleepwalks.
- (11) Hide her notebooks/Franklin the day before a test.
- (12) Steal her journal, photocopy the juicy parts, highlight important names, and post them in the Maeser Building's glass cabinets.
- (13) Sign her up for BYUSA.
- (14) Tell everyone in your Family Home Evening group that she's manic-depressive.

(15) Accidentally melt her favorite CD on the stove or refrigerator.

(16) In a cruel variation of #3, fill her shampoo bottle with Nair. When she comes to you looking like the woman from Star Trek, act surprised.

(17) Call her boyfriend and ask him if he received her wedding invitation.

(18) Take the hair out of the shower drain and put in her milk.

(19) Subscribe to *Spin* or *Sunstone*.

(20) Use her calling card to call 1-900 numbers. Don't bother listening, just leave the phone off the hook for a couple of hours.

(21) If all else fails, make an anonymous call to Standards. Be explicit. If they're effective, she could be out of her contract by November.

masochism can be your friend!

by s. titio whitmore

Most people seem to shy away from pain. Granted, pain in many circumstances can be equated with negative sensory experiences, but that is usually only because people are not using it properly. Pain can be related to relief and pleasure. A seeming paradox? Not for one who discovers the benefits of masochism. Allow me to explain.

Intense, concentrated, short-term pain takes hold of all our senses and concentrates them on one source of stimuli, thereby taking them off things we don't want them to be concentrating on and causing us to feel a certain sense of aliveness. If we rule out certain illicit substances, masochism is the best way to temporarily relieve us from any number of unwanted feelings or emotions.

At this point, perhaps you think

I'm a complete psycho and are getting ready to move on to the next article or go use the restroom or something, but let's see if a few examples can make you a believer.

- (1) You wake up at 7:45 a.m. after a late night out on a date. Class begins in 15 minutes, but you can't seem to gather your senses enough to remember the name of the Swedish prime minister or why you would want to remember it in the first place. You feel

groggy and dizzy. The quick solution—go to the nearest wooden door (metal and concrete should be avoided for novice masochists) and hit your head forcefully against it three or four times. Suddenly, your senses gather and you begin to realize who you are again. Everything becomes clearer. You feel more alive.

see "masochism" page 30

the g.a. name game

by e. serge martinez

Having trouble with Standards? No sympathy from Provo cops? What you need is a name fit for a General Authority. With proper use, your new G.A. name will get you instant credibility around campus (especially in your religion classes), good seats at General Conference, and a nice letterhead on your personal stationary. To get one, just follow the direction below:

(1) A single initial sounds dignified and keeps people wondering. So ...

• if you were born in an even-numbered year (ex. 1968), take the first letter of your mother's maiden name.

• if you were born in an odd-numbered year (ex. 1967), take the first letter in the name of the high school from which you graduated.

(2) Now you need a full name (it can go either before or after your initial). Take one that corresponds with the last digit of your Social Security number:

0. Parley
1. Brigham
2. Hyrum
3. LeGrand
4. Wilford
5. Ringo
6. Orson
7. Fielding
8. Elden
9. Ozzie

(3) For your last name (the one they will name a BYU building after), use the number below that matches the month of your birth (January=1, February=2, etc.):

1. Kimball
2. Tanner
3. Benson
4. Widstoe
5. Richards
6. Detmer
7. Ballard
8. Romney
9. Smith
10. Schwartzkopf
11. Snow
12. Talmage

Good luck with your new names, and we'll see you in the *Ensign* centerfold soon.

t.g.i.f.

by liza long

It's Friday night, and we're all home again. We sit in the smallest bedroom because it's the coziest and talk about the same thing that we talk about every Friday night: men. The men our age are gone. We've just discovered the older ones, but they don't know about us yet, or if they do, they're not showing it. We decide that we all have one thing in common—we want a physical relationship that we can just brush off when we've had enough.

Last year we never would have talked this way. Last year we all wanted to be in love, to meet "Mr. Right." Now we'll settle for the boys next door. But we don't know how to tell them. So we sit at home every Friday night, waiting for them to call. We should know better. They never will.

This is what it's like to be a college sophomore. You're too young for any kind of real commitment, and you're too old for that cutesy freshman love thing. You're writing to a missionary, or two or three, but you think your friends who are waiting for theirs are weird. You want some action. You want to weigh your options.

You sit around on weekends and wonder what those men are thinking. You

wonder if any of them really know how to kiss. The guys you've kissed have all fallen into one of the following categories:

1. Awkward man. He has to ask your permission, then usually plants one on your nose or chin. When he finally finds your lips, it feels like rubber.

2. Saliva man. Thinks that he literally has to shower you with affection. You have to resist the urge to wipe your mouth.

3. Dentist man. The person to see when your teeth need a good cleaning but you're short on cash (and I'm saying this tongue in cheek).

You want to be kissed by a real man. In the movies it happens all the time: the mousy romance writer meets Mr. Tall-Dark-and-Handsome who sweeps her off her feet in some obscure South American country. Not that he has to be Tall-Dark-and-Handsome or that you want to go to South America. You'd settle for short-blond-and-cute on the front porch—if only he could kiss!

If only he would call! But he never does. So you're home again on Friday night, talking, like you always do. And about 9:00, things suddenly get quiet. You hold your breath expectantly ... and the phone rings. No one dares answer it. Finally, reluctantly, you pick up the receiver. "Hi, Mom."

r.s.v.p.

by m. spaff sumsion

It's been Saturday morning for a couple of hours, and we're all back home again. We sit in the living room because it offers the most stretching and scratching space, and we talk about the same thing we talk about every week at this time: our dates. We don't want to admit it to each other, but we're all pretty frustrated. We've just blown a good deal of time, emotion, and money, and we're still physically anxious. (Then again, we're always physically anxious. It's part of our chemical make-up.) We decide we could all use a good physical relationship, no matter how brief.

We haven't always thought this way. We've all been through our spells of seriousness—legitimate devotion to love, commitment, and fabulous futures. We've each had a couple of promising relationships, but they've invariably collapsed when forced to confront the "deserts of vast eternity." So we go out every weekend, too realistic to want *everything*, but very anxious for *something*. And we usually come home with nothing.

This is what it's like to be college upper-classmen. We're male and we're available, but we're just old enough to frighten most women away from a good, healthy score. They must think we're planning to sneak a ring onto their finger during the entanglement. No, we insist, we're serious about not being serious. But our arguments fall on deaf hormones. We conclude that females are fundamentally different creatures, immune to the inherent sensations of the kiss.

But wait. Can it be true? Can there actually be a sophomore population out there, not only wanting romance, but actually sitting around waiting for it to happen? If so, I have two words for you all: **SPEAK UP!**

Look, guys are clueless. We will never know you're interested unless you somehow make it known. Say something. Anything. ("Hi," however, isn't enough. Anyone can say that.)

Be daring. Make lengthy eye contact. Pass a note. If domesticity doesn't repulse you, make cookies. Lie if you have to. Say you simply didn't have room in your cupboard for them and everyone else you know is on a diet. Speak up.

And don't worry about being seen as aggressive. You're not. If someone were to tackle me in the Cougar area, scream "TAAAKKEEE MEEEE!" and plunge her tongue into my ear, I might consider her aggressive. If someone were to slip me her phone number during a long library binge, however, I wouldn't. That's not aggressive. That's beautiful.

Guys are traditionally expected to make all the moves, and a lot of guys are worn out from it. We've made so many wrong moves in so many wrong directions that we're tempted every weekend to just stay immobile. If you're longing for one of us to make a specific move in a specific direction, then say so! Many factors make a woman more attractive; knowing she's interested is definitely a major one.


And if you just can't bring yourself to be even a little bit forward, pull the junior high trick and have a friend do it for you. "I think you should ask out so-and-so," she can say. "She doesn't know I'm telling you this, of course, and she'd kill me if she found out." Choose a friend who is a good liar.

Your lips needn't get dry and dusty. And you don't have to resign their maintenance to Awkward Man, Saliva Man, or Dentist Man. A gold medal kisser may be out there, wondering if you're interested. Let him know.



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provo explodes: the riots you didn't hear about

by clay callaway

Unknown to most BYU students, the L.A. riots sparked widespread civil unrest here at BYU. The scattered graffiti that appeared at the beginning of the disturbances was the only action acknowledged by University Police. Now, unidentified sources in both the University Police and the administration have disclosed numerous other incidents—some serious, some jovial, some violent, some peaceful—that took place in the BYU community. Through interviews with our unidentified contacts a list of these disturbances has been compiled.

•In Wymount Terrace, three couples blasted Michael Jackson's *Bad* album and spelled "No Justice" in the 3A parking lot with diapers. University Riot Police crushed the demonstration, injuring five adults and six toddlers. A policeman was reported to be in stable condition at the Utah County Hospital after surgery to remove a rubber nipple from his left nostril.

•University Police, expecting the residents of Helaman Halls and Deseret Towers to use the verdict and subsequent riots as an excuse to have yet another pillow fight, called on riot control units from the Utah County Sheriff's Department, the Utah Highway Patrol, the Provo and Orem Police Departments, the Eureka Town Constable, and the Utah National Guard. DT residents responded by throwing a grapefruit at a passing car from the top of Q-Hall. Down in Helaman Halls, the entire population of Budge Hall went to sleep.

•The Registration Office reported that a total 23 students listing addresses in Beverly Hills, Bel-Air, and Laguna Beach all changed their hometown addresses to Compton. They allegedly changed their addresses to show their support for the more battered parts of L.A., but Registration Office Detective Sergeant Bill Deere thinks otherwise: "I think they just wanted to qualify for federal disaster relief funds. I'm working with the FBI on it."

•The *Daily Universe* received 527 letters condemning the graffiti that appeared on BYU property, 14 letters supporting the graffiti, and 63 letters urging any future would-be vandals to avoid the pitfalls of using only one color of paint and to instead use aesthetically pleasing stencils and colors.

•The Honors Student Council debate on the riots turned into one itself, when fanatical factions announced that in response to the actions of University Police in Wymount Terrace, they were going to break the number code lock on the Honors computer lab door. Due to a shortage of available police units, Cougarat workers answered a University Police request for assistance and restored order to the Maeser Building.

•Arsonists, disappointed that police hadn't ordered a dusk-to-dawn curfew, burned two BYU vehicles outside the BYU Physical Plant. BYU spokesman David Shumway responded by saying, "Nothing goes on in Provo from dusk to dawn anyway, so why bother?"

•And lastly, two policeman attacked a KBYU camera crew who filmed them helping an old lady across the street with her groceries. The camera crew escaped unharmed, but the old woman was run over by a runaway shopping cart.

top forty

1. a living prophet, 2. sunshine, 3. exact change, 4. soviet republics gone wild, 5. going barefoot (anywhere), 6. long, soft grass, 7. curious george, 8. primal screams, 9. glints of recognition, 10. temptation & green lace lingerie, 11. unlimited breadsticks, 12. no-doz, 13. a loaf of bread, a quart of milk, and a stick of butta, 14. shittum wood, 15. grandpa's money, 16. *italics*, 17. the id, 18. spontaneous combustion, 19. free stuff, 20. eight million members, 21. unrequited love, 22. thistle, utah, 23. trekkers, 24. opposition in all things, 25. cilantro, 26. Ammon, 27. indulgences, 28. newts, 29. woody allen, 30. pagan holidays, 31. non-members who receive revelation, 32. curbside recycling, 33. veterinarians, 34. french maids/english butlers, 35. nighttime, 36. golden retrievers, 37. wire rimmed glasses, 38. sing-alongs, 39. cold nights, 40. warm neighbors

bottom twenty

I Spy a Nephite, painful belching, jack squat, byusa-sponsored self congratulatory multi-cultural weeks, teachers who claim to have visions, joe cannon for anything, blisters, kicking against the pricks, flesh wounds, winter weight gain, pasta wrestling, obsequiousness, hat head, temple humor, meat-flavored ice cream, inside jokes, waiting in vain, crow guano, roommates who whistle, apathy

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how to touch a woman

by june miller

Look, I don't profess to be eminently qualified to write this article—at least not to all 12,000 people who read the *Review*—but after an informal survey of my female friends and extensive field research, I can lay down some guidelines for you men who may be struggling with this sensitive and important issue.

First of all, when it comes to physical contact, there is an exception to every rule. Each time a suggestion is appropriate, there will be a time when it would be good to do the opposite (the law of chastity excluded, of course). With these two disclaimers firmly stated, let's begin.

Hugs. Everybody likes hugs. In fact, a spontaneous hug from a casual friend has been known to spark more than a few romances. There is a right way and a wrong way, however. Don't squeeze her to death, especially during those certain sensitive weeks of the month. It can be painful. Don't hug here for too long if you think your feelings might not be mutual. Don't grope. Women like to be held, not clutched.

Kisses. Most everyone likes these, too. It's easy to get vicarious training, especially from recent films. Not all this experience is valuable, however. Don't kiss like Tom Cruise in *Top Gun*. No. No. No. Kiss like the guy in *Cinema Paradiso*. Use common sense. Think lips. Tenderness and all that stuff may sound clichéd, but women still like it. And I don't care what anybody says, don't score just for the sake of scoring. Kissing is supposed

to be a very intimate thing—don't ruin it for the rest of us.

Other kinds of bodily contact. You'll have to find out what works and what doesn't with each woman because each is unique. Here are some things I've heard from various women:

"I love it when he plays with my hair."

"If a guy ever pats me on the head, I'll punch him in the nose."

"I really like it when he puts his arms around my waist when we're dancing."

"You almost never go wrong when you touch the back of my neck. That's perfect."

"There's nothing better than a good back rub. Except for those ones when they hurt you. Why do guys do that? And when they say, 'It'll feel good later.' That's a lie."

"The best is when he touches my shoulders. I don't know why."

"I can't stand it when guys have cold hands or when they think you'll like them better if they lean all over you."

There are several fierce points of contention over some kinds of touch. For example, some women (likewise men—imagine that!) go nuts when you touch their feet. Or their ears. Others really hate it. Don't try anything weird until you're relatively certain your partner will not respond with horror. On the other hand, innovation is not entirely bad. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. Just proceed with caution.

The big secret. Most women have some point of vulnerability that you would never guess in a million

years. One of my friends says a good calf massage is what made her finally decide to get engaged to her boyfriend. And if a guy touches the inside of my elbow with his fingertips, my stomach flops over and that's it—I melt. This is a very personal, subjective thing (in fact, I'm surprised I just wrote that); you would do well to keep your eyes and mind open to find what *really* works.

A few final pointers. Casual affection is great—but don't go overboard, and don't play with her mind. Holding hands may be a little obvious, but it can really be one of the best things there is. There's definitely an art to it, so please don't take it for granted. And while you're together, think about it, get your mind into it, *talk* to each other. Love always begins in the brain. If you can show a woman that you've got one and that you appreciate hers, it will make everything else seem a hundred times better.

how to touch a man

by henry miller

There's just one major rule here: no kicks to the groin area. Everything else is fine. Just fine.

Special thanks to Benjamin Weekly for inspiring these articles. We're touched.

more library fun

by s. nibley cannon

For the industrious scholar, the Harold B. Lee Library is nothing more than a sanctum of study and slumber. In fact, that's why I'd only done once before this semester (that's right, the Walkman tour). But then, my philosophy class required some research, and I felt the doom of long, painful library boredom upon me.

Imagine my delight when I learned more than just metaphysics and worldviews—I learned the well-kept secret of library fun. They say necessity is the mother of invention. I just had no option but to make my trips to the HBLA amusing. Either that, or I would fail my philosophy class by skipping every library assignment. I figure there might be some of you out

there who have been avoiding the library for the same reason I did. Lest you miss out on the hours of entertainment that await within those friendly confines, I have compiled herein some of the tricks I've discovered.

Your fun can begin the second you enter. I'm talking about that x-ray apparatus used to detect kleptobibliophiles. People don't seem to worry as much about this security system as I do. Or maybe no one wants to complain. But making a scene can be so much fun. Try these out on the person at the desk, especially if they're in the middle of talking to a friend:

- Act really ticklish. Squirrm and giggle as you walk through the threshold.
- Ask if the radioactive waves will damage your film, disks, lunch, handgun, dental work, or vital organs.
- Stop and stand still on the detector and yell out in

your best Trekkie voice, "Beam us down, Scottie."

• Insist that since you signed the Honor Code you see no reason to subject yourself to such suspicious and assuming humiliation.

• If you're leaving the building, take some embarrassing books like *The Joy of Sex* or *How to Fertilize Your Garden for Free* off the shelf and stick them into an unsuspecting student's backpack just as he or she is about to leave. Then sit back and enjoy the show.

Generally, the rule is to pretend like you're doing something. BYLINE can be more fun than most people think. If you can find a computer that is open, take all the time in the world. Everyone else does. Check and see if some of your favorite

see "library" page 30

right to choose: abortion, law, and morality

by liza long

It's impossible to write an essay about abortion without offending people. A clash occurs whenever the subject is introduced into even casual conversation, perhaps because most pro-choice and pro-life debates quickly dissolve into emotional rhetoric. Those against legalized abortion characterize their opponents as militant feminists with no concern for human life. They display graphic photographs of aborted human fetuses, which, surprisingly enough, look like miniature human babies. Those in favor of legalized abortion employ similar tactics, labeling pro-lifers as bigoted moralists who would deny women basic human rights. While the symbol of the pro-life movement is a mute fetus, the symbol of the pro-choice movement is a coat hanger. Ultimately, such *ad hominem* attacks and emotional appeals bury the real issues that society must face. An intelligent debate about abortion becomes impossible because both sides enter the argument convinced that their moral stance is the only correct one. Consequently, neither side hears what the other has to say.

Why is abortion such a controversial issue? Because it questions our concept of morality. Morals, especially in politics, are problematic; although they are abstract, they are fundamental to legislation. In many cases, the legal application of morality seems clear: we all know, for example, that it is morally wrong for one human being to take another's life. Many pro-lifers try to reduce the

abortion issue to such simple moral terms: because it terminates the life of the fetus, (which, although it is dependent on its mother, must, by virtue of its existence, have an independent right to life) abortion is murder. And since murder is illegal, abortion—an equal moral wrong—should also be illegal. Abstracted from economic, social, and political concerns, this moral argument seems flawless. However, although pro-lifers label legalized abortion a “social evil,” the alternative is more devastating to society.

When the abortion debate is discussed in terms of the economic, social, and psychological impact it has on women and on society, a moral paradox results. Pro-lifers argue that the human fetus has an individual right to survival separate from and superior to its mother's reproductive rights. Pro-choicers say that because the fetus is dependent upon the mother for survival, the mother should have the right to choose whether to sustain or to terminate a condition that will obviously affect every aspect of her life. Thus, for some women, reproductive rights are survival rights. If the fetus has an individual right to life, then abortion takes that right away. But legislating on behalf of the unborn subjugates a woman's existence to the existence of an entity that is necessarily dependent on her for survival. When such legislation threatens the mother's existence, physically or psychologically, one moral wrong is set against another. A choice must be made.

The Bush administration would

take that choice away from women. Recent events ranging from the Supreme Court's decision to support federal regulations prohibiting abortion counseling at federally funded clinics, to Clarence Thomas' appointment, to Wichita's Operation Rescue protests in which the Justice Department intervened on behalf of the pro-life movement indicate that a Roe v. Wade reversal is imminent. With that in mind, we must abandon our current method of debate and more responsibly and compassionately consider the implications such an action would have for society.

Women terminate their pregnancies for various reasons. Some have been the victims of rape or incest. Some cannot economically survive if they have a child. Unfortunately, many women have abortions for reasons of convenience. Most people will agree that from a moral perspective, the last reason is the most disturbing. Indeed, pro-lifers claim that abortions for convenience are precisely what they are trying to prevent by advocating legislation against abortion.

However, aside from padding the conservative moral conscience, nothing will be accomplished by reversing Roe v. Wade. Before the 1972 decision legalizing abortion, Blacks and Latinos constituted 80 percent of the hundreds of women who died each year after having unsafe abortions. Since 1972, the government has made it increasingly difficult for these and other economically underprivileged women to obtain abortions; the lack of federal

funding for abortions (including those performed in cases of rape and incest) has prevented 1.5 million women from terminating their pregnancies. Pro-lifers would probably cite such statistics to prove the effectiveness of their campaign against abortion, but in fact, such legislation is not stopping abortions for convenience. Ultimately, poorer women who terminate their pregnancies for reasons of economic survival are most affected by anti-abortion legislation. Regardless of whether abortion is a legislative issue at the federal or state level, if anti-abortion legislation is enacted, wealthy women who have abortions for convenience will continue to do so while women who need abortions for economic or psychological reasons will be denied.

Conservatives who oppose legalized abortion on political grounds often argue that these women need to take more control over their lives: if they were more responsible, abortion wouldn't be necessary in the first place. And they naively assert that women who want abortions always have another choice: adoption. While there is a great demand for healthy white infants, the majority of women who have abortions for economic reasons are neither healthy nor white. Consequently, minority and handicapped children often become wards of the state. Interestingly enough, people who oppose abortion on moral grounds are often the very same people who argue

see "abortion" page 27

the lawyer problem: a morbid proposal

by matthew stannard

There are too many lawyers in this country. How many is too many? Your Aunt Matilda says one is too many. Expert statisticians (who may be bitter because they don't make as much money as lawyers) predict that by 2010, there will be as many lawyers in America as all the Nu-Skin distributors in Jason Chafetz's wildest dreams. To put it another way, if you laid all the lawyers in America end to end (you decide which end, but with lawyer: it doesn't really matter), you would have a chain of lawyers long enough to wrap around the world twice and, assuming you started in L.A. you would end in Bangladesh. I think you get the picture.

About 70% of my fellow philosophy majors are bound for law school. Add to that list the political-science majors—those students of manipulation and systems of deception who will make up what the philosophy majors lack in ambition. Don't forget that art, music, and theater might send their slimiest, least-talented graduates into the dreaded realm of entertainment law, wherein expression becomes commodity. And perhaps some of those physical education majors are simply working on their two minute mile to chase ambulances and dodge the vehicles of decent folks.

“Glut” is a lurid sounding word. “Glut of

lawyers,” said extremely fast, sounds not unlike the noise one of my old roommates once made after eating too much pasta.

So what is to be done? This was the topic of a recent symposium in West Glumpton, Arkansas, drawing a capacity crowd that included such noted social critics as Carl Sagan (“There are, in fact, billions and billions of lawyers...”), Sam Rushforth (“Lawyers are a worse pollutant than pot-smoking Geneva CEO's”) and the illustrious J. Danforth Quayle, who resurrected the question of legal reform in a recent speech before a crowd of angry lawyers. Quayle, however, failed to attend most of the sessions, as he was engrossed in the fascinating pursuit of playing “red car-blue car” on a nearby street corner (West Glumpton has only one road, but it's well-travelled).

Several proposals emerged from the conference. Guest speaker H. Norman Schwarzenegger suggested that lawyers be required to serve five years in the military upon passing the bar exam. His opinion was challenged by military analyst Jack D. Ripper, who pointed out that “aside from the fact that most of them would fail their physicals,” lawyers would not constitute an effective or efficient military resource. “They'd just make their fellow soldiers do all the work. Or they'd try to sue the enemy, or spend all their time chasing MASH ambulances.”

Another speaker complained of the shortage of teachers in America and suggested employing law-

yers as instructors in elementary and secondary schools. This seemed like a fine idea until a subsequent speaker predicted that it would be unwise. “They'd just let all the students bribe them into giving A's. They'd probably also spend all their time hanging around the nurse's office looking for potential clients, or threatening to sue the lunch ladies for food poisoning.” The thought of big, mean lawyers making life miserable for those lovable pudgy mothers-of-us-all lunch ladies was enough to sway the audience against the proposal.

Dr. Carl Sagan offered the most innovative idea: Send them into space! “There are,” he said in his slow eastern drawl, “many unexplored regions of the cosmos which may be unsafe for human travel, or even monkeys and dogs. But lawyers...”

The thunderous applause soon gave way to skepticism after a reply by science fiction author Orson Spock. “Dr. Sagan's suggestion,” he said, “offers a dark, nay, a terrifying scenario of unspeakable proportions. Imagine the weary space traveller who unwittingly lands on ‘Lawyer-world.’” Moreover, Spock pointed out that within the next century, space ambulances could be developed which would constantly be under siege from these rogue attorneys.

see "lawyer" page 27

... HONOR CODE ... WOMEN'S ISSUES ... TUITION ... T



the straight dope on byusa

by david olsen

I'm a transfer student from California State University at Northridge. When I was there I was involved with the student government, and so when I transferred I decided to get involved again. But that doesn't mean I support the status quo. I don't. No, the CSUN student association wasn't entirely representative of the student body, but it was much more of a government than BYUSA is, no matter what people may say in *The Daily Universe*. Consider the facts:

(1) The BYUSA President may be elected by "the students." But first, all the candidates are screened by a committee consisting of the Dean of Student Life, another dean (chosen by Rex Lee himself), another faculty member (chosen by the Faculty Advisory Committee) and seven students. These seven students are:

two members of the outgoing BYUSA presidency (who were appointed by the president, who went through the exact same process)

three "non-BYUSA" students chosen by the "selections committee;"

and two Student Advisory Council representatives.

Speaking of the SAC...

(2) The SAC is made-up of 37 representatives. Who are they? Well, 24 are college representatives...sort of:

11 representatives are elected by the students of the different colleges (one from each);

11 more are appointed by the deans of those same colleges (again, one from each);

and two more are appointed by the Dean of the "college" of Student Life.

The other 13 representatives are appointed from special interest groups on campus. Six are chosen arbitrarily by the SAC vice-president, consisting of two freshmen, three "at-large" representatives, and one representative for non-traditional students. Three more representatives are appointed through the Office of Student Life (again?), consisting of one for international students, one for multicultural students, and one for handicapped students. Finally, the last four repre-

sentatives come from associations on campus—the chair of the Resident Halls Association, a member of the Honors Student Council, a representative from Students of Other Faiths, and a member of the "United Club Council," representing all the BYUSA clubs.

The truth is BYUSA is absurd. When BYUSA candidates and groupies call themselves a "government," all I can say is, "hogwash." All in all, only about 11 representatives on the SAC actually "represent" some students; with 11 more being appointed by deans and all the rest (all 15 of them) being appointed by the administration, Student Life, or by various clubs. This doesn't lead to equal representation at all.

Consider this: the College of Family, Home and Social Sciences has 5538 students this year, while the College of Nursing has 672. But they have the same number of elected representatives—one. Or think about the clubs: the Honors Student Council has a membership that might be stretched to 100 on a good day, and they have a representative in the SAC too. And, of course, the BYUSA presidential "selections" have about as much accountability to the students as did the "elections" in the former USSR. The Soviet people got to "vote," but did it matter? No more than voting for BYUSA president does now.

The BYUSA crowd will say, after all this, that perhaps they aren't a "government" in every sense of the word, but do provide "services." I ask: what's the difference? The student government I worked with at CSUN provided very similar services to the ones provided by BYUSA, but they still felt a need to be accountable to the students, while our "service organization" obviously does not. The United States government mainly provides "services"—should we call off national elections in favor of an aristocracy, and call the U.S. Government "the US Citizen's Service Association?"

The administration, through the current structure, muffles what the students have to say. They appoint at least two-thirds of the SAC and screen candidates for BYUSA President. The SAC feels more accountable to the administration than the students, who they are supposed to represent. It is interesting to note that the original charter for

BYUSA states that representation in the SAC should be a "voicing of broadly based student perspectives, not the mandate to stand up for narrower special interests." Yet SAC representatives today are almost nothing but a conglomeration of special-interest-pushers—specifically, the special interests of the clubs who chose them, the deans who appointed them, and those few lucky students who actually manage to find the time and ability to get through to their SAC representatives. Oh, and of course the special interests of the SAC vice-president, who gets to appoint six of them.

BYUSA is misconstrued from the start. It's not representative of the students. It's not a real government. Yet they repeatedly claim they are. I find it ironic that BYUSA is so undemocratic. Isn't the chairman of the Board of Trustees of BYU President Ezra Taft Benson, who has said time and time again that the US Constitution was divinely inspired? If so, why isn't BYU applying the the principles of this document? Consider this proposal as a step in the right direction:

(1) Divide the student population into groups of 150-300 along geographic boundaries, call them districts, and have each district elect one SAC representative.

(2) The SAC would then elect one of its members to be the BYUSA President, in a parliamentary-sort of election.

(3) Each district would have the right to recall its representative at any time, and the SAC would have the same power over the President.

This change, or a change like it, would greatly increase the SAC's accountability to the students, making the President much more responsible to you and me. The SAC will do what we want, and the President will do what the SAC wants. I would encourage all students to elect people who will support democratic reform—so we can finally get some *real* progress and put some *real* pressure on the administration to listen to the students.

we've got a long way to go, baby

by amy landbeck

I grew up thinking that I'd come a long way, baby. I thought I could do or be anything, even if I was female. My experiences in the computer science department, however, have taught me differently. Since the moment I first walked into one of my computer classes, I was treated like I didn't belong. Disturbing, yes, but because most people were polite enough to keep their sentiments hidden and non-verbal, I could handle it. Until last October.

I walked into the computer lab in the Talmage Building and started to enter my program for CS 232. The man at the terminal next to me seemed to be glancing in my direction, so I briefly turned to him and smiled.

He smiled back, and said, "The beginning programming lab is in the other wing. This is for 232 students only."

I kept typing, not really paying attention, and replied, "Yes, I know."

That kept him quiet for a while. Soon he was watching me again, though, so I stopped typing and looked at him. He smiled again and said, "You'll have to give up your computer if anyone else wants to use it. These machines are reserved for 232 students."

I stared at him in surprise. "I know they are reserved for 232 students. I happen to be a 232 student."

He looked stunned. "Oh—I'm sorry," he mumbled.

I was in a good mood, so I didn't say anything. I simply smiled again and went back to my typing. After a few moments I noticed that he was still watching me. I began to wonder if I had something hanging out of my nose.

"Why did you decide to take this class? Is computer science your major?" he asked.

I sighed loudly and stared at the screen. "Yes, computer science is my major." I resumed typing.

"Why? How are you doing in the major? Are the classes really difficult for you?" he asked.

I bit my tongue. I wasn't going to be rude. I smiled politely and replied, "I decided to major in computer science because I worked on computers all summer and really enjoyed it. I'm doing fine in the major—the classes are actually quite easy. Even for me."

I was about to start typing again when he spoke. "Where did you work on computers? Were you a secretary?"

I was really getting tired of this attitude, so I decided to exaggerate just a little. I told him I had worked over the summer for the United States Army Ballistics Research Laboratory (true) on a computer simulation program known as Tank Wars II (sort of true—I helped to write the user's manual). I also told him I had a secret clearance code (sort of true—my computer did) and that I worked with highly sensitive data that I couldn't discuss any further (not true—only my co-workers there were highly sensitive, at least more than this guy was).

Then he said it. "Are you naturally blonde?"

I stopped typing mid-stroke and my mouth dropped open. I turned to him and stared. He glanced sheepishly at his keyboard and started to type in his own program.

I finished my program and printed it. When I came back he glanced at the stack of paper in my hand. "Are you finished already?" he asked.

I was beyond the point of politeness. "Yes, I am. What's taking you so long?" I gathered my things together and did the only logical thing: I went straight to the nearest advisement center and changed my major.

Call me a wimp. Call me overly sensitive. Call me Al. The facts are, I did not want to spend the rest of my life apologizing for my father giving me an X chromosome instead of a Y.

You may ask why there are so few women majoring in technical fields. Now you know. We've got a long way to go, baby.

Clarification: An advertisement in the new BYU student directory erroneously describes Deseret Towers as "comfortable quarters with myriad opportunities for creative male and female bondage." The ad should read *bonding*. Deseret Towers regrets the error.

Clarification: Three traditionally-dressed Arabian ambassadors seeking the BYU Hosting Center were mistakenly directed to the BYU Testing Center. BYU wishes to apologize for the HGB employee who reported them to the Honor Code Office, and regrets their three-day confinement by Student Life psychologists and BYU barbers. It was a simple oversight.

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naked ethics for the nineties: an "immodest" proposal

by mike austin

In addition to developing religious, political, and economic structures, every civilization known in history has also developed a set of "naked" ethics. You know what I mean: the guidelines that both encourage and constrain nudity within a society. These constraints are not always the same—classical Greek and Roman civilization required athlete to compete in their birthday suits, and a large number of African and Polynesian cultures have historically carried on their daily business with both men and women naked from the waist up.

The naked ethos of our society is best illustrated by two court cases that recently made national headlines. The first occurred last year when Paul Rubeens (a.k.a. Pee Wee Herman) was arrested in an adult movie house for "indecent exposure." The area of arrest was crucial: the patrons of the establishment had paid good money to see naked bodies frolic across the screen performing any number of obscene and indecent acts—all of which, I imagine, would have been more shocking than anything a sawed-off-Mr. Rogers could have done in a squeaky theater chair. However, Rubeens was ushered out of the theater and arrested, all in order to protect the "integrity" of the porno-flick industry.

The second case occurred two weeks ago. Edward Albee, a noted playwright and two-time winner of the Pulitzer Prize, was arrested on a California beach for "indecent expo-

sure"—while sunbathing in the nude. The beach was privately owned, and nobody else was on it at the time, but the officers judged that this wrinkled 63-year-old man of letters posed such a threat to the values of the community that he could not be allowed to remain. He now faces a \$1000 fine and six months in jail.

Why is it that our society allows attractive models to flash their anorexic, airbrushed bodies across every movie screen and magazine cover in the country, while it punishes flabby playwrights who only want to get an even tan? I believe the answer lies in America's skewed sense of ethics. Any photographer or painter or movie producer will tell you that "the body is a beautiful thing," but more often than not they mean young, smooth, fresh bodies whose every blemish has been corrected by dark-room technology. For the flabbier 99 percent of us, public displays of nudity are sinful and "indecent." As a result, we have on our hands an unprecedentedly neurotic civilization, whose children grow up trying to sneak a peak at *National Geographic* magazines and whose adults continue the fascination by creating materials that objectify women and equate sexuality with violence.

One solution to this problem may be to reexamine the naked ethics at the basis of our society. In the vein of Jonathon Swift's *A Modest Proposal*, I would like to propose my own Utopia—one in which nobody wore any clothes (except those demanded for protection against inclement

weather, of course). Now, the last thing I want is a free-love society with loose morals. But if everybody were naked, and the children were used to seeing naked people all the time, then nakedness would be (quite simply) no big deal. It can be persuasively argued that if nakedness were the norm, nakedness itself would not be sufficiently erotic to corrupt the young. And lest anyone challenge me on theological grounds, we should remember that God placed humanity in the garden *au naturel*, and that it was Adam and Eve who covered up their "private parts" with fig leaves. Given all the other stuff they got wrong that day, I hesitate to trust their judgement in this important matter of nakedness-covering.

Consider as well the additional advantages that would accrue from shedding our clothing on a societal basis:

(1) *Concealed Weapons*. One of the most disturbing problems in many cities these days is the proliferation of concealable weapons used in private killings, drug deals, and gangland murders. Obviously, a nude society would never have to worry about this issue.

(2) *Pornography*. The multi-billion dollar pornography industry depends on an artificial, glamorized conception of the human body. Pornographers depend upon clothing to keep their secret hidden: that nobody actually looks like that. If nakedness became normal and everybody knew just how disgusting we all look in the buff, who would be dumb enough to pay

money to see the obvious fakes presented in movies and magazines?

(3) *Public Health*. Let's face it, most of us manage to hide a lot of flabbiness under a sweater or a winter coat. Societal nudity would force us to take a "Picture of Dorian Grey" approach to our bodies: every extra wrinkle would be immediately apparent. We would have to take better care of ourselves.

(4) *Socioeconomic Inequality*. For centuries, clothing has marked a distinction between rich and poor, leading to class oppression and sin. (Remember the Nephites' "costly apparel.") If we were all naked most of the time, it would be impossible for people to make others feel insignificant because of their clothes. Of course, there will always be di-hard preppies who will tattoo alligators and polo horses on to their chests—but at least they won't be able to change their fads every season.

(5) *Redirection of Resources*. A large percentage of the world's resources are now devoted to growing cotton and manufacturing textiles in order to produce clothing. If we overcame our unreasonable covering fixation, we would be able to divert these key resources towards the feeding the millions of people in the world who are both naked and starving through absolutely no choice of their own.

I have no doubt that my plan will be rejected by the people of America. Nevertheless, I believe that some re-

see "naked" page 29

stripping off sophistry: the nude word

by russel fox

Every society I have encountered has its own private conversational dress code. You know what I mean: the unlisted list of words, phrases, comments, and critiques that we dress up our thoughts in—depending on the situation. Such dress codes differ from society to society, and the situational determinants they involve vary even more. While it would generally be considered offensive in America, many Asians think walking up to someone and saying, truthfully, "You smell," or "You're fat," or "You have extremely large nostrils," is a legitimate show of concern for your neighbor. South Americans in general are very "expressive" in their descriptions of bodily functions, whereas we insist on officially using bland, mechanistic terms: urination, defecation, ovulation, menstruation, procreation, mastication. And of course, only in America could two movie characters put on a passionate display of adultery, bigamy, buggery, debauchery, and promiscuity on the silver screen, without ever once saying the word erection.

These cultural constraints on our conversation, however, are at their worst when we tell it necessary to keep silent in order to maintain peace, or hide ourselves in excess verbiage to avoid hurt feelings, or even twist our own or another's meanings to avoid admitting what we don't want to.

All this conversational clothing, of course, is nothing more than a case of the Emperor's New Clothes, and everyone knows it. The problem is, everyone buys it. Which is why just a generation

ago, a journalist who dared point out publicly that a politician's speech was empty and stupid was called a "muckraker"; a woman who voiced what all the other women already knew was called a "shrew"; a man who dared to disagree with his boss just wasn't a "team player." And is it different today. No. There are the things you say at parties, and the things you don't; the issues you can contend with your professor about and the issues you can't; the words that would be okay in a church meeting and the words that wouldn't. But just like in the story of the Emperor, it seems that little children are the least subject to these bizarre and usually hypocritical conditions, and it must be said that older people are also exempt in our society. (Whose grandmother hasn't said at one point or another, something to the effect of "Dear, you need to take better care of your teeth; they stink"?)

These may seem like petty arguments—but are they? The First Amendment's guarantee of the right to free speech has been terribly abused by people with ugly opinions over the years, while polite, politically correct society has let them go by. Why are we so hesitant to tell them to take a flying leap? The time has come to reclaim, in the face of cultural fastidiousness and fascism, the true power of communication; or, more specifically, to strip our conversational dress code down to the bare minimum, throwing out our costly sophistic styles of speech, and employing the rude, crude, nude word. And I'm not just talking about "gutter language" here, though that's part of it. Primarily this involves saying exactly what you mean, and nothing more. Say

your piece, say it well, the shut up. No greasy salesmanship. No faith-promoting stories. No false welcomes. No pretentious introductions. No testosterone-pumped testimonies. Just the naked, raw stuff. Let me list a few advantages that would arise from this change:

(1) *No more Deseret Book or Bookcraft*. The Mormon population would be spared the mental confusion that arises from trying to decide if the latest *magnum opus* by B. Orson Widstoe is doctrine or not. General Authorities could spend their time on more important things than book-writing; and the little stuff which is really honest could be published in *The New Era*, which could use some good writing anyway.

(2) *No more confusing social relationships*. If you don't like him or her anymore because he/she doesn't light your fire, you just tell 'em, "Hey clod, you don't light my fire." No egos to protect here.

(3) *No more wasted money on dates*. If all you want is a little physical action, you'd just have to ask. If he or she says "No," then there's no to string him or her along. Is there?

(4) *Less junk mail*. Advertisements, in a straight-talk society, would consist of people saying, "You need this? Buy it from us." Instead of glossy photos of Peruvian vacations, you'd just get a computer print-out. Much easier to throw away.

see "nude" on page 27

the mormon bird

by emily tibbitts

After listening to the uproar for five full minutes, I couldn't stand it anymore. Our six cats were in a heated gang-turf battle directly outside my bedroom window in our mini-orchard. I recognized Spikes's distinctive shriek at the same time as at least two other cats tore through the ivy under my window. I listened to the tortured wails and threatening growls and spits as I groped around in the dark for a pair of sandals. If I wasn't worried that I would wake my sister, I would have yelled out the window to scare the cats away.

Unable to find my sandals amid piles of laundry, I pulled on a pair of dirty shorts under the tee shirt I was trying to sleep in. I was upset when I found my glasses and noticed my desk clock. One-thirty in the morning! I had to leave for work at seven forty-five and I hadn't gotten to sleep yet.

Just trying to earn a little money for college in the fall. I hate trying to sleep in the summer, waiting for the house to cool and the neighbors to shut up. Apparently my father was just as upset as I was. I heard him muttering, "Damnit to hell," and rustling and stamping among the tall grass and citrus trees. Treading lightly, I crept out of my room. Before I got to the dining room door, most of the racket had ceased. I decided wearily that I wasn't really all that curious about a cat fight, and I trudged back to my bed.

We were all gathered at the table eating a late dinner. The overhead light hung heavily on our eyelids. My brothers, sister and I lethargically pushed our food around and listened to our parents discuss politics or something. I was twelve and actively disinterested. From the living room I could hear the smooth voiced, relaxed woman on the radio mentioning,

"Well, comin' up on eight-thirty now, and we just have time for some Joni Mitchell and early Dylan...." The phone rang.

My mother got up and went into the kitchen to get it. She came back a little later and told my father it was his sister Sidney calling from California. At the time we were living just outside of Washington, D.C. in Alexandria, Virginia. As my father left, my mother looked at our dinner plates and told us we were excused to go to our rooms and get ready for prayer. We went upstairs in the hall and played tag and "Can you breathe?" (a game of our own invention, involving smothering and tickling) on the floor until our parents called us down for prayer. We tumbled down the stairs, laughing and hot from playing.

They asked us to sit down and be quiet for a minute. They didn't even notice that we hadn't changed into our night clothes. They sat together on the couch and waited solemnly for us to sit on the floor or armchairs. "It's very important to remember Grandma, my mother, in our prayers tonight. She has cancer and she is going into surgery the day after tomorrow. The doctor will cut out the cancer, and she will get better." As my father spoke he looked at each of us children individually for a minute, his eyebrows raised and chin ducked; his familiar serious expression.

I heard the toaster pop as I walked into the dining room to get some breakfast. The nice thing about my job was that I could wear whatever I wanted, so I was wearing the same shorts as yesterday. I was barefoot because I still couldn't find my sandals. My dad was scraping margarine on a piece of toast at the kitchen counter.

"Good morning!" beamed my

father, "Just in time for your toast, and your eggs are almost ready." His teeth actually glistened in the morning light. Both of my parents have sickeningly cheerful dispositions in the morning. Often they sing "Rise and Shout" at moaning children, though now my mother sometimes resorts to playing Paul Simon's *Graceland* to rouse her lazy children. We are all probably the crabbiest children in the world every morning because of this.

"What were you doing out there last night? It sounded like someone was murdering babies in the orange trees!" I demanded of my father, taking the orange he held out.

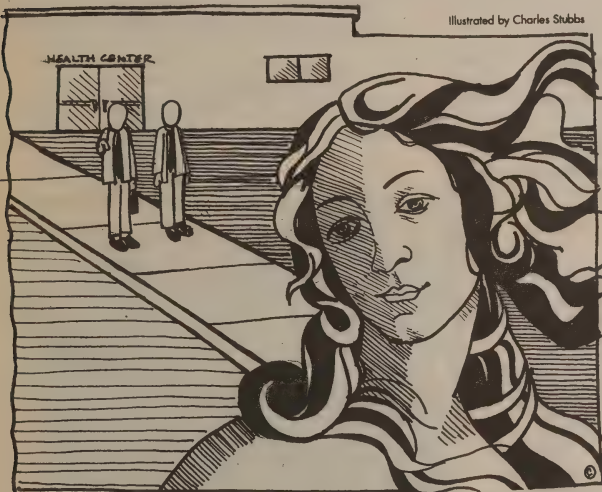
He frowned at my smile, but replied, "Yoda caught a baby jay, then it got away. It flopped around and all the other cats went after it. It was screaming and the cats were fighting each other." He spoke sadly.

"Ugh. So it's dead?"

"No, it's really chewed up, though. It's out in a box in the breeze-way. Don't let the cats in there, okay?"

When I got back from work at two, I peeked into the box on the desk. A little bird with patchy fuzz and no tail feathers blinked its one eye at me and shrieked piercingly. The effort caused it to fall onto its side from its one good leg. There was a little bowl of water with millet seeds on the bottom and a pile of bird seed. The box had droppings sprayed liberally on the bottom and sides. I had read a story called "The Jewbird" by Bernard Malamud about a bird that adopts a Jewish family to protect himself from starvation and anti-Semitic crows. Its name was Mr. Schwartz, so I suggested our mauled bird be given the same name. My dad liked "Mahonri" for a first name so it

see "bird" page 28



Illustrated by Charles Stubbs

mono: scourge of babylon or wickedness never was happiness

anonymous

The doctor took off his glasses, rubbed his nose, and sternly reproved with his glance. "Sounds like someone needs a Bishop's interview for moral transgressions. You have caught mononucleosis, my dear." And so he sent me to the lab, where the girl boomed it to the Health Center, mostly filled with fresh scrubbed missionaries. "This blood tests positive for mono." Visibly shocked, one missionary absently raised his Book of Mormon, while his companion—recently Catholic—crossed himself. As I left, did I imagine the phrase "Whore of Babylon" traveling from elder to elder? One asked me what I'd heard about the Book of Mormon and would I like to know more as a way to avoid future venereal diseases.

It was true. No, not the book he

gave me. His implications. The only source of information on my ailment was in the back of a book called *Herpes and associated diseases*. I was ashamed. I had been cursed for my wickedness. After two years of dry lip disease, I had been kissed, and now my secret acts were being shouted from the hilltops.

As I walked home with the doctor's sheet that spoke the terrible truth, I was Hester Prynne. My tired eyes and glassy stare gave me away as surely as her growing belly did her. People knew when they saw me. I either had mono or was married and working seven jobs to put my man through chiropractic school. And as they saw my bare engagement finger, they despised me.

And the people taunted me with their knowing glances. Would anyone have known if the entire MTC hadn't

organized a special fireside to pray for my soul? But I'd deluded myself. I wore a scarlet letter in the form of a bleary expression and red eyes. The book of my life was prematurely opened for all to mock. Every man in CDU called to see if I would be free for a night, oh, say, in about 2 months. Neighbors called upon me to gloat in their virtuous healthiness. "Oh, (wink) you poor thing. How do you think you caught it? (wink wink)."

Basically, all my pairs of white stockings, my lace collars, and long khaki skirts became useless as the word got out. I might as well have worn black lace stockings. Dammit, I would have if I could have moved out of bed.

My bishop called and rescinded my calling. Okay, not exactly true, but if I had one I'm sure he would have. Maybe that is why I don't have a

calling. Prophetically, he knew this would be the year I would succumb to the enemy and kiss a man before I'd met him at the altar.

And the notoriety that spreads from the righteous to the fraternities is the biggest trauma of mono. Sure, I'm exhausted and will fail my classes, but that doesn't really hurt. What does pain me is the realization that my pious image is gone forever. Relief Society Presidencies will elude me for the rest of my life. Yes, I am in pain.

The MTC called yesterday. They asked if their prayers had been rewarded. Yes, I told them. I was well and once again have dry healthy lips. Later that day, tearfully, I saw sweet young missionaries waiting again by the mono lab, anticipating new souls to serve. And to those needy souls, I give my condolences. I understand. I am your sister.



how death stole geisel

by joshua harman

Dear friends and family of the deceased, today is indeed a day of sorrow, for today we mourn the loss of a great man. However, the man for whom most of us mourn, Dr. Seuss, is not in need of our tears. While it is true that Theodore Seuss Geisel has passed from this life, Dr. Seuss is still with us today. And, as I am sure Theodore would have agreed with me, we should mourn the dead, but not the living. The living we should celebrate. Therefore, it is with tears in my eyes for Theodore and deepest admiration for Dr. Seuss that I would like to share a story written to both mourn and celebrate the entire man of Theodor Seuss Geisel.

It was chilly that day, if I can remember, on a cold autumn day in the month of

at exchange place by bryan waterman

we see the unreal city
come awake with lights

suspended on the river,
grey with building
rain.

brown-skinned children
gather their crab-traps,
run from the edge while

old men with fishing
poles ignore the drops,
light cigarettes and
talk about Puerto Rico.

the music slowly
leaves.
white birds rush
startled by the wind.

it's just past
10 on the Colgate
clock.

Lady Liberty stands a
little to the south,
waving her magic
wand.

September, When old Death in his ramshackle shack on the hill, decided he'd add to the dark autumn chill. "Now what can I do to make the chill chillier? Aha! I've got it! I'll make peoples' lives drearier!"

And with that, that old Death, he began to think. And he thunk and he thunk till his thinker turned pink. And just as he was about to give up his plan, he spotted his copy of *Green Eggs and Ham*. "That's it!" cried old Death with a grin on his face, "If I take Dr. Seuss, there won't be happiness left: not one trace." "It's that man, I tell you, he is the reason that happiness lingers in this Fall season." And so Death concluded "With Theodor gone, people won't be happy for very long."

So then Death got on to his black wooden sleigh, he hitched up the reigns, and got on his way. He found the house in which Theodore lay, and he reached down and grabbed him and whisked him away. "There, that should do it," he said as he smirked, then went back to his hill to see how his plan worked.

"By now they've noticed and are desperately trying to hold back the tears, or they're openly crying." He waited and waited for all joy to die. "Since I've got Theodor Geisel there's no reason why

there should be any joy, they'll just curl up and cry."

But something was wrong with Death's plan of all plans; while they mourned for Theodor Geisel they had Dr. Seuss' books in their hands. And whenever they felt sorrow coming on fast, they would quick read a passage and the sorrow would pass.

"What is wrong?" moaned old Death, "I can't understand. My planning was perfect for this plan of all plans. There should be no more laughing or joy, but it's there! I've taken Theodor Geisel from them, don't they care?" But it wasn't in Geisel where the happiness was, rather in Dr. Seuss' books, they were the cause.

Death had thought he could stop joy, but old Death was wrong. Even with Geisel gone, Dr. Seuss will forever live on.

Dearlly beloved, there is no cause for sorrow. The man whom we have all grown up with and who has raised many of us remains with us and always will. Death may have taken from us a great man, but Death can never take Dr. Seuss and the joy his books bring. So, I encourage you, do not let your grief for the dead overwhelm. It is not something that Theodor would have wanted. Rather, go home and read a few passages and celebrate the living.

a piece of peace

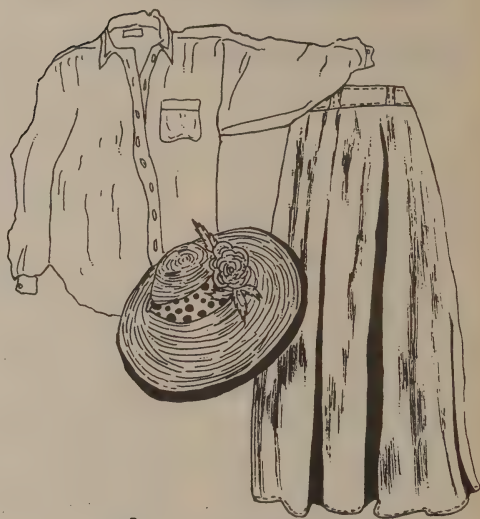
by elisa moranne

There was a smell of Peace in the air tonight. What did Peace smell like? Like chameleon leaves and wispy clouds and everymorning mountains. And if you wonder how Peace sounded, it was birds gliding across an unbroken sky and innocents frolicking in a playground, and animals obliviously

working in a forest and Silence. And going further, what did Peace look like? Like the ocean gently washing a deserted shore or a stranger who suddenly smiled, a cliched single drop of rain sliding off a petal, down and down into nothing. That was Peace smelled and glanced and for once, tonight you could almost touch Peace.

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trapped by the MORMONS!



"A TURKEY TO BE SEEN AND ENJOYED!!!"

-Chris Hicks, Deseret News

Clarification: According to a BYU media statement, no one is buried under any of the numerous campus headstones. Apparently, someone keeps placing flowers and copies of *The Articles of Faith* against the namestone of the James E. Talmage Building. "It's not a grave," reads the statement. "We no longer bury people on campus."

Clarification: Senator Orrin Hatch, still embarrassed by the Thomas hearings, wishes to point out that he has never drunk hairy Coke while watching *The Exorcist* on Ted Kennedy's Massachusetts bridge. It was Sprite. Everyone who voted for Hatch regrets the error.

Clarification: Due to a miscommunication, JSB wrecking crews have accidentally levelled President Rex E. Lee's Provo home. The vacant lot will not be used for student parking. Rex and Janet Lee regret the error.

piano scavenging

by kevin trent bergeson

Looking for some ivories to tickle? No, I'm not talking about finding a partner to play dentist with. Nor am I advocating harassing a certain, large, grey, endangered species.

I'm talking about pianos.

University life can be hard on students who need a regular piano fix. Owning a piano is usually out of the question. (even if you could find one smaller than your room and actually pay for it, most roommates would respond with appreciable apathy.) A far more practicable solution lies on campus. Call it, piano scavenging.

The BYU campus abounds with pianos that want you to come and play them. They are tired of being monopolized by Sunday hymns and well-meant productions of "I Heard Him Come." They need positive affirmation in the form of weekday action. They need to feel they are still good for Chopin mazurkas, Elizabethan pavans, Joplin rags, and traditional Yiddish songs and dances. Show them that you care. Don't be afraid to make the first move.

If you want to find nice pianos, you must seek them out. But where are all the good ones? To assist the fledgling piano scavenger, I have compiled the following *Guide to Campus Pianos*.

(1) *HFAC practice rooms*. This most obvious of options has drawbacks. Practice rooms are like study carrels—even if you find one that isn't taken, you might have to "vacate upon request." Look around elsewhere in the HFAC. Pianos, like happiness and ingrown hairs, have a way of pooping up in unexpected places.

(2) *MSRB commons room*. This place is packed with amenities. You get a fridge and a microwave, and there's a Xerox handy so you won't have to turn pages. Usually people study here, but if you practice something you don't know very well, you can get them to leave.

(3) *ELWC step-down lounge*. This piano has those crisp, responsive keys you will learn to value as a piano scavenger. But remember—you're in public.

Don't get defensive if a *real* piano student comes to tell you you're clipping the treble notes during the accelerando part of the Russian Gypsy ballad you've worked so hard on. Also keep in mind that you are affecting BYU's image—no "Chopsticks" or "Heart and Soul," please. And be prepared for people to come and ask you how long you've played the piano, and whether you know "The Entertainer."

(4) *SWKT 250 (site of International Cinema)*. Another set of crisp, responsive keys. Go for it, if you have any strength left after removing the obnoxiously heavy cover.

(5) *deJong Concert Hall lobby*. This is class—antiques with very attractive consoles and plenty of character. I don't know what happens to people caught playing these. (Forced attendance at Music 113 classes, maybe.)

(6) *Alumni House*. This piano has really weird legs. Try playing along with the light n' easy favorites being piped in.

(7) *Testing Center*. People are funny about listening to you practice the piano while they cram for tests. However, studies show that slow baroque pieces actually *improve* mental concentration.

(8) *JKHB, MARB*. Classrooms galore, pianos galore, but also people galore. Like opinionated Asian Studies professors, you run the risk of being silenced. Face it, the world is full of piano-hating philistines who don't know a polonaise from a polka.

(9) *Dorm lobbies*. Okay, if you get desperate. There is always a very young couple on the couch, pushing the limits of PDA, and it's usually impossible to ignore them. Try playing "I Am a Child of God."

(10) *KMB dance halls*. If you wonder how you look while you play the piano, the huge wall-sized mirrors should prove invaluable.

Remember, this list is far from comprehensive. (I have omitted my personal favorites, for example.) Look around. Scavenge. Dare to bother people. You'll be glad you did.

i want to be a boy scout

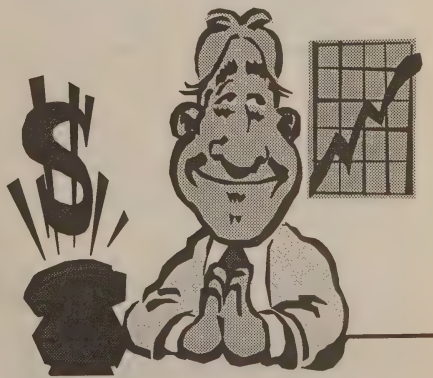
by janet renee meiners

I've been a member of the Girl Scouts and Blue Birds. I certified every year at girl's camp. I learned how to make buddy burners and cook scrambled eggs on them. I learned first-aid and knot tying (though I don't remember much now). I joined 4-H. I even won some awards in sewing and cooking. My "ebelscievers" received first place and I made reserve champion for modelling a skirt I made. I can make a campfire that will burn all night and set up a tent. These organizations taught me all sorts of useful things, and I usually had a good time—but still, I want to be a Boy Scout.

My brothers talked for weeks about the fifty-mile hikes. They started at age twelve. My brother still goes on them and he's eighteen. These hikes turned Webelos into Stars. They got intimate with Nature and became tough in hardship—they became MEN. I even heard that one of the boys had to throw out all of his canned food, because it was too heavy; he had to survive on freeze-dried dinners and oatmeal. If a boy brought so many extras that he couldn't carry his backpack, no one stopped, they just called out "see you at camp" as they labored on, and sometimes they'd barely make it to camp before the next day's hike began. On their first hike, almost every boy broke into tears, longing for their mothers and swearing they couldn't make it.

One time, the scouts decided to invite the girls on a snowmobiling trip to Yellowstone. Maybe *now* I could learn more about camping than I got from family trips and girl scouts. I was one of the first to hand in my money, and soon got it back—it was cancelled because not enough people signed up. How could it be that no one wanted to go? This was my chance, and it failed. I guess all the other girls didn't mind making bread once again. When we did get invited to go with the scouts, we'd do something like go to the mountains to see snow.

Don't feel too bad for me. I still haven't walked fifty miles or been snowmobiling, but I plan on it. I did go to Zion's on my own three-day spring break. My friend and I stayed in an open-ended orange plastic bag held up by a string tied to two trees. We put rocks in the bottom and we practically fit in it. When you get to a campground at 3 a.m., even freezing all night doesn't prevent sleep. Actually we met some Australians who became our friends, just on the merit of camping skills. I applied for a job last summer as a cook at a remote mining camp in Idaho, but some rebel U student got it instead. I was disappointed, but if anyone ought to be pitied, I'd feel sad for my brothers. I'm not sure they know how to make tuna casserole, let alone "ebelscievers."



**IF YOUR BUSINESS
COULD USE SOME CALLS
CALL US FIRST!**

listen christian

—by bob rowland (one of the millions of homeless in America)

I was hungry
And you formed a humanities
Club and discussed my hunger ...
Thank you.

I was imprisoned
And you crept of quietly
To your chapel in the cellar
And prayed for my release.

I was naked
And in your mind
You debated the morality
Of my appearance.

I was sick
And you knelt and
Thanked God
for your health.

I was homeless
And you preached to me
Of the spiritual shelter
Of the love of God.

I was lonely
And you left me alone
To pray for me.

You seem so holy
So close to God
But I am still very hungry
And lonely ...
And cold ...

toward dresden

by william powley

My first trip on a breakfast train
I couldn't imagine

with precision streets
and houses in a dream—

smokestacks slowed forward
then back as the train

slid to a stop
6:00 a.m. under Germany.

As I lower the window
brown coal rises in plumes

and on cobblestones
a woman pedals toward Dresden

for early bread and coffee,
her figure strengthening

in the unexpected light,
moving her legs beside the train.

I lean out the window,
eyes glued to the steeple

rising from Cross Church.
New faith rolls across the Elbe.

From the Editor: *Student Review*
interviewed a number of people during the 1991-92 school year. We extend our thanks to them for sharing their thoughts, philosophies, prejudices, political ideologies and more. For the Year in Review issue we have listed some of their more notable comments. Following a brief description of the interviewee is a topic with an accompanying quote. Enjoy—you might even learn something.

September 25, 1991: Dan Barlow, Mayor of Colorado City and Fundamentalist Mormon.

Mormon Fundamentalism:

Officially we are the Fundamentalists Church Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We consider ourselves Mormons—Fundamentalist Mormons because we adhere to the principles that the early Church leaders laid out.

The Mormon's selling out:

The Mormon Church gave up certain practices to be in harmony with the world. We say that the Lord would have protected the people if they would have stood true. They may have had more persecution, but every religion that ever amounts to anything had persecution.

Mormons and polygamy:

They[Mormons] have repudiated the practice, but not the doctrine. It seems strange to me that so many Mormons could believe in a principle and not practice it.

The United Order and priesthood:

The fundamentalist people stand on more issues than just plural marriage. For instance, the United Order concept, which the LDS Church has largely abandoned, and several other, what we consider, priesthood issues.

October 2, 1991: Mike Ray, co-President of the Black Student Association.

The purpose of the Black Student Association:

We want to create ... the multi-cultural effect. We want to break down stereotypical barriers. Hopefully by having people come into the club who are not black, we will be able to reach parts of the college community that in the past we have been unable to reach so that the educational process will take place.

The Church and diversity:

As we continue to become a worldwide church, we must break down the barriers that we've had about other cultures. You know, the Chinese are this way, or the Africans are this way. And we must recognize them for who they are and accept their culture.

October 9, 1991: Sivananda of the Hare Krishnas

His attraction to the Krishna Consciousness movement:

I found the devotees to be the most nonmaterialistic people I've ever met. I liked the books. I was looking for a different way of living, a nonmaterialistic way of life, and the Krishnas had it.

The Krishnas in Spanish Fork:

Things go quite well here in Spanish Fork. There are about 10 initiated devotees here at the temple, along with their children. Then there are 30 of what we call "friends of the temple," and 50 or 60

congregational members—people who just care, who like to come out to the worship services. That includes students and professors from BYU and elsewhere, and a lot of young people around here.

The religious environment in Utah Valley:

It's very pure, a lot more pure than many other places, and that's because of the nature of the LDS people. We've been treated very warmly here. In fact, I think the religious tolerance here is exemplary.

Barriers that impede the growth of religious organizations:

I think that anyone who is intelligent will realize a couple of important things. One is that, no matter how pure a religious movement may be in the beginning, there will always be calamities. The next thing is, if a movement is or was pure, if its philosophy is a pure philosophy, then the fault is not with the philosophy, it is with certain unscrupulous followers who, somehow or another, are in a position where they can very easily mislead others.

October 23, 1991: Julie Goodman-Brown and Adrian Velez, members of VOICE, the BYU Committee to Promote the Status of Women, and VOICE faculty advisor Tomi-Ann Roberts.

Roberts on her first exposure to activism at BYU:

I was naïve—you know, I was coming from a background of involvement with feminist organizations, both during my undergraduate and graduate education. When I became a faculty advisor I became very excited, talking about all the things we could do—you know, speak-outs, marches—and they[VOICE members] just said, "Whoa!" They told me a horrific story from last year when they tried to get the woman who runs the local rape-crisis center to speak on campus, and they were not given approval for that speaker because the student activity people decide that rape is a "controversial topic." We decided that must mean some people on campus are for rape, some are against it; that's why it's controversial. So initially, my zeal had to be tempered a bit because I wasn't aware of the fact that there was going to be some resistance.

Velez on proclaiming feminism:

Well, you grow up and sometimes all the conservative people have louder voices. So their views get across—you know, they say feminist want to become men, that they want to abort their children, that they think men and women are the same. So I didn't consider myself a feminist, I just said "I am concerned about these things[women's issues]." Eventually, though, I realized that feminism wasn't a bad word.

Velez on true feminism:

Feminism is not about tearing down men; it's about helping women and men.

Roberts on feminists' goals:

One of the goals of the feminist movement is to change the way things happen in the home. You don't normally think about home affairs in terms of power or prestige, but one of the things the feminist movement says is "Work in the home is important; it's something we need to value in our society, the same way you value being a corporate CEO." Our society needs a new definition of what power is

Roberts on patriarchy:

Feminists don't like patriarchy—no one should. But hating patriarchy doesn't mean hating men.

October 30, 1991: Burton Chandler, self-proclaimed vampire. Burt lives on 600 north just off University Avenue near the old Academy

buildings.

Being a vampire:

I am a vampire in the strictest sense, but not in the sense that, say, Count Dracula was. For instance, I cannot transform myself into a wolf ... or a wisp of smoke. Contrary to popular conception, lycanthropy just doesn't come with the territory of vampirism. I do, however, suffer from a state of prolonged lethargy that is only relieved by imbibing blood, human or otherwise.

Good literature about vampires:

An early work is *Maleus Maleficarum*. The part dealing with incubi and succubi has a story with features of vampirism. But if you want the most informative stuff, stick with the Slavic tales, their accounts are the most persuasive, with detailed, officially documented accounts dating from the 16th century onward. Listen, you don't even have to be interested in proving or disproving anything to enjoy literature on the subject. Give it a fair shake, and keep an open mind. You might actually become convinced that there are such things as vampires.

November 13, 1991: African-American family history specialist Marjorie Taylor.

Discussing the priesthood denial issue in her class Blacks in Mormon Culture:

To put it right up front Heavenly Father has not told us why it happened, but there have been a whole lot of ideas that people have put forth as doctrine. We're going to talk about each of these, and where they came from, and what they don't really mean. There's a lot of folk doctrine out there, and I think it's very detrimental to people.

Her background and interest in LDS African-American history:

I was auditing records in Special Collections and came across a role of micro-film that had records of black members on it. They had done baptisms for the dead in the endowment house under the direction of Brigham Young. I was very curious about it and started looking into it. I talked with people in the Church office building and they said, "no don't do anything about it just yet." Well, I got a really strong impression that I really had to do something. And so I just kept calling them, and finally they said okay. I've been specializing in black genealogy since 1985, finding their ancestors and descendants, and everything else about them that I could.

Discrimination:

You cannot understand what it is like to be black and Mormon and not understand discrimination. It happens in the Church and out of the Church. One of the things that is nice about our religion is that everyone is told in our theology that they have the right to the Celestial Kingdom, that they are no worse than anybody else, but if every single day someone did something that said you were less than everyone else, that would wear on you. A lot of people think that the South is very discriminatory, but Utah was about as discriminatory—didn't let black entertainers sleep in the hotels or eat in restaurants in the 40s and 50s. They had to sleep in the homes of black people in the community or they could not come here.

Genesis, an LDS group of African-American members:

I think of it as a fellowship group. Sometimes you need to talk to somebody who knows what it's like. Genesis groups feel the brotherhood, that they are dealing with racial discrimination in the Church and out of the Church everyday. They are proud of their heritage, they are proud they are Mormon, and they want both of those things. There are others who don't want to be part of Genesis. They just want to be generic Mormons, and so they don't attend.

African-American priesthood holders in the 1800s:

Elijah Abel and Walker Lewis. He[Elijah Abel] said, "Joseph Smith said I was entitled to it[the priesthood], my blessing says that I am. I am." The twelve sustained him in this. He went on three missions, had 9 children and he helped build several temples.

December 4, 1991: John Gholdston, faculty advisor for the Daily Universe

The Universe as a tool of the administration:

We do not receive directives from the administration, nor anything of the sort. If we are a tool of the administration, then Rex Lee must consider us a rather undependable one.

Censorship at the Universe:

I have worked for a number of newspapers, ... everybody's owned by somebody. ... You're always going to have subjects of concern, sensitivities to watch out for because of the owners. It's no different here.

Journalism with an agenda:

The old adage—that the purpose of journalism is to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable—definitely has something to it. But we have to recognize that people don't particularly like the idea of journalism with an agenda.

January 22, 1992: BYU professor Avraham Gileadi, Hebrew scholar and literary analyst. Gileadi is the author of the controversial book, *The Last Days: Types and Shadows from the Bible and the Book of Mormon*.

His rabbinical training and his interest in Judaism:

I was fascinated by the Jewish manner, the way the Jews study the scriptures, which is truly unusual. They always seemed to bring out meanings that I had not anticipated.

His introduction to the Gospel:

In New Zealand, I had predetermined to go to a certain place in Israel. It was a Jewish kibbutz for immigrants from New Zealand. I went to the kibbutz library, once, for a book to read and found the Book of Mormon, so that was my introduction to the gospel.

The controversy surrounding The Last Days:

I think it was the chapter on modern idolatry that got the book pulled; it just touches a lot of nerves. Spencer Kimball said: "We are, on the whole, an idolatrous people." The two theological reasons I was given for the opposition were the Davidic servant doctrine and evidence for a great and marvelous work yet to come forth.

His plans for the future:

Do what I am doing now. As Hugh Nibley has said, when this kind of thing happens, just come out with something else.

The Davidic servant Doctrine:

It's that there is a political Messiah, in Hebrew prophecy, the one the Jews expected at the time Jesus came. When I joined the Church, there existed a common belief in the idea of a Davidic servant who would gather the tribes of Israel from exile, appoint them lands of inheritance, unite Judah and Joseph, and convert the Jews, Lamanites, and the Ten Tribes before Jesus comes again. President Harold B Lee mentioned it to a friend of mine and the Prophet Joseph Smith mentions it in his writings.

January 29, 1992: Don Norton, BYU professor of English.

Journal writing in the Church:

We [LDS church members] should be taking the lead in journal writing. There's not a single major publication in the Church on how to write journals.

Keys to good journal writing:

There are three basic rules for journals: write regularly, only write on one topic, and write at least one page. ... A journal should be more reflective of what's on your mind not a travel log.

Capturing history:

The best guide to what is history is the scriptures. The idea of objectivity is a myth. Myth itself, historically, is an emphasis on archetypal events. Everyone who goes to the temple, for example, has the same experience because it's archetypal. Even though people go there with sins, even though they're not fully prepared or purified, still the experience they have there is a purifying experience. I think that's the way it is with history.

An "honest voice" in writing:

The ability to bring out a perceptive, honest voice is rare among authors. Most of them lie. But some don't: Solzhenitsyn, Chaucer, Milton, Willa Cather. The thing that sanctifies their work is the intent. Arthur Henry King says that when defective people write for the wrong intentions, the imperfections come up in the style.

Paul Dunn:

The problem was not his stories. The problem was that Brother Dunn exploited his stories. He embellished them. He said that he was just trying to communicate with impact, but I don't believe him. I think that he was trying to draw undue attention to himself and his possible heroics.

March 4, 1992: Charles Metten, BYU professor of film and theater.

The power of Film:

If you ask most people on this campus to briefly summarize one of last Sunday's Sacrament Meeting talks, they won't remember a bit. But if you ask them to tell you in a few sentences the story of *Dances With Wolves* or *Star Wars*, it will come out almost perfectly—they'll even quote lines of dialogue. That's what I mean when I talk about the power of Film. It influences your thinking, your attitudes.

Movie ratings:

We should avoid trash. If you go to International Cinema, you'll find very mature themes. But these themes are dealt with in a tasteful, positive, constructive way. Their purpose is to teach something about life and about being a better human being, not to titillate or arouse. You have to learn to recognize trash and avoid it. My personal view with regards to Church film standards is that sometimes we become so involved with the "do not's" that we avoid experiences through which we can learn and become better people.

March 11, 1992: BYU professor of Botany and environmental activist. Sam Rushforth.

Importance of activism:

Although environmental activism is extremely important to me, I consider it to be the third ring of a three ring circus. In my life I need to have teaching, research, and activism.

see "faces" page 32

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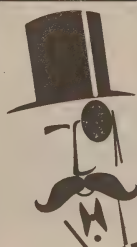
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when i had grown a foot or two

by todd l. christiansen

In my Primary years, I was introduced to the idea that when I was taller, I could hope to be called on a mission. The day arrived when I had reached my maximum height—it was time to fulfill my childhood dream. On my nineteenth birthday I did not face the dilemma of deciding whether or not to serve—my mission call had arrived a month earlier. My only challenge was to finish one more month of construction work in order to pay for my stay in one of the most expensive missions in the Church.

I was excited to be a missionary. President Spencer W. Kimball had greatly influenced me, and considering myself to be a worthy young man,

I went on a mission. My family's reaction to my going was mixed. Of course my parents beamed with pride, I was their first son to go on a mission since my older brother had chosen a different path. One set of grandparents was happy to see one of the younger generation committed to the gospel; the other thought Europe would be a nice place to go—as a tourist. My sister, who was very close to me, questioned the idea that anyone could believe in the gospel strongly enough to dedicate two years of their life telling others about it.

After spending the greatest two years of my life as a returned missionary at BYU, I still believe that every worthy young man should go on a mission. Before I am misquoted as

often as President Kimball is, let me qualify my statement. First, not every young man should go on a mission, only every *worthy* one. Second, President Kimball said that they *should* go on a mission, not that they *must* go. Third, this statement does not imply that those who do not serve missions are unworthy to get married in the temple, hold church callings, etc.

Don't get me wrong, missions are a wonderful time and a great teaching tool of the Lord. My mission president stressed that missions were mini-lives that prepared you for the rest of your life. Thus, missions are a weeding-out process of the Church's youth, a time when the Lord can see just how faithful his servants are. And that is why it is important to go—but only if

you are worthy.

I suggest that young men go on missions for many reasons: To see the hand of the Lord at work in daily affairs, to experience the joy of seeing others grasp and accept the truth, to strengthen an already existent testimony, and—perhaps the greatest reason—to learn humility by learning to love those who do not live the gospel in the same manner. Self-righteousness has no place in the heart of anyone who is thinking of serving, who is currently serving, or who has served a mission.

To all young men, I say go on a mission. But don't go just to say you went.

Go to love and serve your neighbors.

why not serving a mission was the best two years of my life

by eric l. christiansen

Every semester as I make new acquaintances, I inevitably get asked The Question: "Where did you serve your mission?"

"I didn't."

In response to the blank look and stammering "Uhhhh," I quickly add, "I got married instead," to which I must also add, "in the temple."

This situation occurs to many young men like myself who have not served missions. Although we are not a minority in the Church, we do suffer prejudice here at BYU and other predominantly Mormon strongholds—prejudice that should not exist.

This prejudice comes from the misconception that only one way exists to do everything gospel related, from taking the sacrament to being saved in the Kingdom of God. True, only one gospel exists, but the way I use my knowledge of the gospel to save myself varies from another person's, since the amount of, and the capability to use, this knowledge varies.

My reasons for not going on a mission are many: hearing *Don't go* from three different bishops, finding my eternal companion at age nineteen, and desiring to serve the Lord in whatever capacity He would have me serve. While I won't detail the eternal companion part, I will discuss the bishops and the

Lord.

At the end of my first year at BYU, I had the usual parting interview. The bishop of my student ward said not to waste my time or the Lord's in serving a mission—I wasn't ready yet. I went home to prove him wrong, but during my initial missionary interview with my home ward bishop, the talk turned from missions, to the importance of choosing the right eternal spouse (I'd already met my future wife) and how this decision would affect the rest of my eternal life. I left feeling different about serving a mission. When my family moved to Tennessee, my new bishop supported the other two. These experiences, coupled with those that came through personal prayer with the Lord, led me to decide not to go on a mission, but to get married and serve Him in other capacities.

What we usually forget as Mormons is the belief in private and personal revelation. Granted, what we receive as revelation will not contradict what the prophet has said, and not going on a mission appears to be contradictory. But it is not. What the Lord requires is constant missionary work and other types of service from all members of the Church, and *not* a formal two-year mission.

Since age nineteen, I have served as a Sunday School and elders quorum instructor, as a Young Men's instructor and presidency member, and (currently) as an elders quorum counselor in a non-

BYU ward. This last position has made me particularly grateful that I did not go on a mission.

Many of the elders in my quorum that went on missions are now inactive, and had I gone, I most likely would feel like they do: that I had served my time to the Lord during those two years, and hence, that my salvation was secure. I feel this attitude has come about because many of them went for the wrong reasons: family or peer pressure, "the prophet said so," they "love" the Lord; because they accept the idea that a person who serves a mission has it made in this world. Granted, they will be blessed for their efforts, but not as greatly as if they had gone for the right reason: to serve their neighbors. Many missionaries miss this aspect of missionary service that is so often pounded into the general membership's heads: we are to bring our neighbors to a knowledge of their salvation. Serving a mission without this goal makes the two years a waste of time and effort—for the missionary and for the Church.

Is it really good for a person to serve a mission with any other purpose in mind? I would say no. Instead, the person should strive to serve the Lord in whatever capacity they can. Through time, they will probably develop the Christ-like love and caring required to serve a true, formal mission.

is it okay not to serve?

by bryan waterman

Last December, a *Daily Universe* poll indicated that nearly 70 percent of all BYU students found not serving a mission—specifically for men—an acceptable decision. While many were surprised by the high percentage, others were incensed and wasted no time before airing their views in that most widely read LDS medium for debate, the *Universe's* "Reader's Forum." I see some danger in their hostile reactions.

The commandment for "every young man" to serve a mission has had effects on the Mormon community which I believe were not intended by the leaders who popularized that catch-phrase. The expectation that every 19-year-old man should be on a mission has created a rite of passage out of the LDS mission experience. Many Mormons seem to think that without this ritual, a man will not be able to function properly in Mormon society. Those who have opted not to take the opportunity—for whatever reason—have been stigmatized as unworthy, selfish, worldly, and unloving

of their Heavenly Father. Families of these young men often feel a great burden of shame, as if their son has dishonored them in his choice. Because LDS young women are taught only to consider marrying a returned missionary, they are often condescending to those who don't serve. These attitudes are only intensified for missionaries who return "dishonorably."

Part of the problem stems from the high level of correlation involved in the Church. Determining a fixed age at which all potential missionaries should be prepared to serve has many drawbacks. Expecting candidates to meet a deadline contrasts with the nineteenth-century practice of extending calls to those who are ready, regardless of their current situation. Perhaps the emphasis should be not on the expectation to serve, but on whether an individual feels that the time is right.

When we consider a mission as a "rite of passage" and give it an almost liturgical nature, we foster the practice of judging by appearances. A young person is not

necessarily good just because he or she have spent a number of months on a mission. Missionaries can enter and leave "the field" without ever gaining a love of Christ, a broken heart, or a contrite spirit. Determining character on whether a person is a returned missionary causes many to "serve" only to receive the appellation "RM"; after all, with that and a highly visible garment line, a social life in the Mormon kingdom is assured.

I don't wish to be misunderstood: Missionary service provides opportunities for personal growth and the development of a relationship with God—experiences equally valuable to both women and men. But coercing a person to serve is no way to help one understand the value of the experience. Apparently, some of the proponents of the "if you don't go, you're evil" line of thought feel that God's plan for young women is to push young men into service. This is an unfortunate misunderstanding of God's plan to

see "okay" page 28

is god one of us? a question of creed vs. community

by john m. armstrong

"Where is your code, your particular creed?" says one. It fills eternity; it is all truth in heaven, or earth or in hell. This is "Mormonism." It embraces every true science; all true philosophy.

—Brigham Young

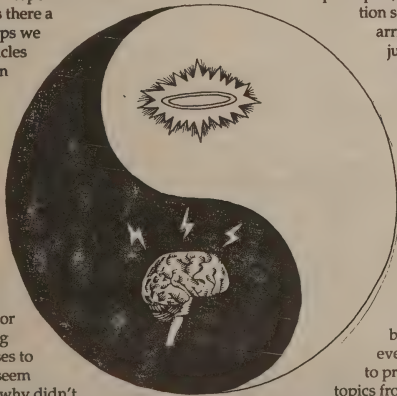
How do Mormons respond to this question today? Is there a Mormon creed? Perhaps we could point to the Articles of Faith as the Mormon creed. Perhaps we could point to the missionary discussions. It seems popular for Mormons today to distinguish themselves from other religions by means of certain doctrinal tenets like the truth of the Book of Mormon, the Word of Wisdom, or the existence of a living prophet. Such responses to the question of creed seem innocent enough. But why didn't Brigham Young respond to the question with one of these tenets?

I don't claim to know why, but I think that the fact that he didn't give one of today's typical responses should give Mormons cause to consider what is distinctive about being Mormon. Brigham declared

that the distinction is claiming all truth as our own, whether in heaven, earth, or hell. If "all truth" is the Mormon creed, then fragmentary lists such as the Articles of Faith or the missionary discussions will not do.

Nor will the traditional dichotomy between reason and revelation. Belief in creeds lends itself to belief in unchanging, absolute principles. These absolute

principles, which revelation supposedly arrives at, are often juxtaposed with the temporary conclusions of human reason. While reason struggles to know reality, revelation has the assurance that it is right and always will be. Revelation even has the power to proscribe certain topics from the realm of reason, for example, the origin of the human race. According to the creeds of revelation, it is a foregone conclusion that nothing was born or died before the fall of



see "creed" page 28

TOP TEN SUBVERSIVE BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY

by Brenton Chu

I could have written a beginning to this list, warnings about the untold dangers we face from subversive books and their authors, but I feel these titles and my experiences will more than illustrate the problem.

I can't describe the feelings I had when I discovered what my tithing dollars were buying. All I could do after reading the titles was to do what Joseph did with Potiphar's wife: run and never look back.

Before you read this list, I want everyone to know that these are all real titles found in the Harold B. Lee Library.

1. *Dating Your Mom.*
 2. *European Rubber Journal.*
 3. *Where the Wild Things Are.* A friend confided in me one day how she had suddenly and for no apparent reason become wild and immoral. I suspected a book. "What is your favorite book?" I asked her. She threw me to the ground and climbed on top of me. Smiling and with a crazed look in her eyes, she said, "Where the Wild Things Are, baby."
 4. *S & M: Studies in Sadomasochism.*
 5. *Temple Huston, Lawyer with a Gun.* Lawyers in general are not to be trusted, especially if they are armed.
 6. *Penguin Book of Socialist Verse.* I learned in high school that socialism is just another step on the road to communism. If you see a loved one reading this book, tell them it could, without warning, turn them into a communist.
 7. *Battles at the Bar.* A self help book on fighting while sloshed.
 8. *The Headless Roommate.* I, like countless others, do not get along with my roommate. I drive him crazy with my habit of tapping my fingers on tables. "Stop it!" he yells and starts mumbling something about chopping off the problem. My fingers, I assume, but I can't take any chances, and neither can you.
 9. *If I Ran the Zoo.* What every general reads before attempting a coup d'etat.
 10. *Hillbilly Realist.* Nothing really subversive here, just note the contradiction in terms. Δ
- Brenton left out his favorite subversive book: *Fascinating Womanhood*.



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the book of lemuel

by brian thomas

Little known to the body of the Church, during the summer of 1990, a hitchhiker traveling across the southwest desert made a marvelous discovery while searching for a place to bed down in a cave. Unable to sleep, the hitchhiker began picking at a crack in the floor of the cave, and to his dismay, found nothing less than the lid to a stone box. Upon removing the lid, he discovered a set of aluminum plates, a switchblade knife, and a pair of fuzzy dice.

In his desperation for food, the hitchhiker sold the plates to an archaeologist from BYU, whom he met at a Kentucky Fried Chicken in Shiprock, New Mexico. The relics were reportedly sold for \$100 and a bucket of the Colonel's extra crispy with extra slaw and mashed potatoes.

Archaeologists have determined that the plates date from approximately 600 B.C. and contain a writings, in reformed Egyptian, which seem to parallel the narrative account of the Book of Mormon. It is thought that the engravings were written by several men, or by one slightly schizophrenic man.

The Church has delayed comment until the plates can be fully translated.

SR is proud to present this premier look at the translated portions of the plates.

Dear Diary,

I, Lemuel, having been born of nagging parents, therefore, I have been harassed much of my life. Not only by my parents, but also by my younger brother Nephi, and my older brother Lamam, with who I get along best. There, now maybe my parents will get off my back about keeping a record.

Lem.

Dear Diary,

It has finally happened! My father is a lunatic. He has decided that he "feels" that we should leave the big city and head into the wilderness. God only knows where. He started talking about leaving after he came home from yelling at people to repent. He said they threw rocks at him. I think one of them must have beaned him on the noggin. He then went and laid on his bed for about twelve hours straight. I thought he was in a coma.

Lem.

Dear Diary,

It looks like Dad is serious about this leaving thing. He says that he had a dream in which God told him to leave Jerusalem. I guess it couldn't have had anything to do with the mastaccoli he ate before he went to bed. I always have dreams like that if I eat pizza before I sleep. Laman and I are resisting, but it looks like we're going too. We don't really have to, I guess, but if we don't, how will we eat? Despair. I have a girlfriend and my own horse. Dad is loaded with gold, which we can't take into the wilderness because it's too heavy. Of course, that momma's boy Nephi is eager to go. He makes me sick. I think I'll hurl my lunch if I see him again today.

Lem.

Dear Diary,

We've been living in a tent for three days now. My neck hurts from sleeping on the ground. It must show, because Dad and Nephi kept commenting on my stiffneckedness. There are mosquitoes everywhere, and I have blisters on my feet. Today Dad said, "Oh that thou mightest be like unto this vally, firm and steadfast, and immovable in keeping the commandments of the Lord ... blah, blah, blah." Whatever. Constant nagging. He never lets up, and Nephi isn't much better. Have to go now.

Lem.

Dear Diary,

Hi. I'm Lemuel, and I'm retarded.

Dear Diary,

I didn't write that last entry. Laman must have gotten a hold of the the plates. Sometimes he's really a jerk. I wish there was a way to erase engravings. Maybe a jeweler could fix it. Dad says we have to go back to town and get some brass plates from Laban. Sure, like laban's going to say, "Here, take them. Maybe you want my coat too? You want that I should die of pneumonia, then you'll be happy." He hit me once when we were younger because I spit on him. I'm not going.

Lem.

Dear Diary,

Just got back from the city. It was alright, but the walk back was murder. Laman was picked to go talk to Laban. He went over and got drunk with him. Then he hit on one of his women so Laban pummeled him bloody. After that, we went back home and got our gold and tried to buy the plates from Laban, but his gang chased us a way and stole our stuff. Laman was furious. I thought the vein on his forehead would blow up. He got a stick and we beat Nephi and Sammy until we got tired. Finally, Nephi found Laban by a wall. He was hammered, so Nephi chopped off his head and took the plates.

Lem.

Dear Diary,

Now Dad wants us to go back home and get Ismael and his family. He probably wants us to marru his daughters—he's got a million kids. I guess I don't mind so much about going back to Jerusalem this time; some of Ish's daughters have nice bods, but nothing upstairs. But hey, what more could a man want? I'll write more when we get back.

Lem.

Dear Diary,

Just got back. Ishmal's daughters are better than I remembered. But there's one that's butt ugly. She's hanging on Lamamm like a bad suit. Nephi's been on our backs the whole time. He keeps telling me to repent. Sheesh! It's not like I'm Cain or something.

Lem.

Dear Diary,

I've had it out here! I'm no camper. I've had diarrhea for the last two months. I haven't been writing much lately because things have been really hard. Now the old man's got a ball the stares into for about 8 hours a day. He says it tells him what to do. I'm going to bed. Mon's pregnant, I think. Either that, or she has a tumor. I think she's too old to have a baby.

Lem.

see "lemuel" page 31

sacrament meeting a la "calvinism"

by rob fergus

"As we read in the Book of Leviticus ..."

How long can this go on, I thought? If I've heard one Dry Council talk I've heard a million. Why doesn't someone put this poor guy out of his misery?

And then I saw it. Nothing spectacular mind you, just a simple little Cheerio lying under the seat in front of me. I stared at it for a moment, cautiously looked around me, and then, finding the rest of my ward asleep, I casually leaned forward and picked it up.

That's when it all started. I was no longer a 23-year-old returned missionary in a suit; I was a six-year-old boy in Converse All Stars. I was Calvin—Master of the comic Page Universe—and seeing as how it was Sunday I was in full color!

As Calvin, I immediately began to do everything a 23-year-old RM can't do in Sacrament Meeting. I began to squeal and play under the seats, throwing Cheerios about like confetti and pulling on the skirt of the girl in front of me. I ran up onto the stand and began exploring the foot pedals of the organ.

Upon doing so, I was immediately transformed into Spaceman Spiff, intergalactic explorer extraordinaire! After a crash landing upon the strange and alien planet of Snookums, I found that eerie musical tones would emanate from underfoot with each new step. By jumping up and down I could cause great volcanoes to roar. By carefully hopping back and forth I could even create music! I was playing part of Beethoven's seventh when all of a sudden he was upon me—the most vile and sweaty Ward Chorister Monster.

YEAR IN REVIEW • 6

"Stop making such a racket," it screeched. "If you don't stop, I'll make you sing a solo in the next ward Primary presentation!"

Gasping, I spun free of its scaly talons, only to dash headlong into the even more terrifying First Counselor Monster! He grabbed me and tried to make me sit on his lap—all the while holding his hand over my mouth and bouncing me on his knee. Deprived of oxygen, I was forced to think quickly. I tried all of the WWF moves Hobbes had taught me, but my great acrobatic feats only caused the First Counselor Monster to tighten its hold on me. Finally, I managed to bite its hand and scamper away as it howled in pain.

Finding refuge in a valley below, I paused to catch my breath, only to find a thick cloud of darkness descending upon me. It seemed to have hold of my tongue so that I could not speak! Suddenly, I felt a strange poking and prodding sensation—and I was once again a 23-year-old RM sitting in Sacrament Meeting. The girl sitting next to me was jabbing me in the side and telling me to wake up.

After assuring her that I was indeed awake and listening, I reverently bowed my head and began to ponder the great message that was being presented by our beloved Dry Councilman. However, I was distracted by whispering behind me. Turning to kindly ask whoever it was to be quiet, I was startled to see my pet tiger Hobbes! "Let's go," he whispered, "if we leave now we'll make it just in time."

I was going to ask what we would be just in time for, but having learned long ago not to question the wisdom of a tiger, I carefully edged past the 14-year-old usher at the door and bolted into freedom.

Waking down by the river, I noticed a great crowd of people milling about on the shore. "There

he is!" one of them cried, and, of course, they all came clamoring after me, for I was Calvin the Baptist.

"O generation of vipers," I said; "who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" After preaching a bunch about repentance and axes and being hewn down, the crowd seemed to get upset. Before I could even call out to Hobbes they were upon me and wrestling me to the ground. I managed to get loose from the dog pile, but as I started to stand I felt someone grab my arm and heard a sharp whisper—"What are you doing?"

Looking about me, I realized I was back in Church. Only my friend sitting next to me had kept me from springing to my feet and embarrassing myself in the middle of the speakers talk. "Are you all right?" my friend whispered. "You had a wild look in your eye and I was afraid you might be sick."

"I'm fine," I whispered back. "I was just thinking about what the Dry Counselor has been talking about."

"Okay" my friend whispered, and I just managed to hear the speaker's final words—

"As Christ taught, unless you become as 'little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven' (Matthew 18:3). Of this I bear witness and humbly leave with you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

How refreshing, I thought, there may be hope for me yet!

i have a question

"I have attended numerous ward dinners and can't help but wonder—what is the spiritual significance of green Jell-O?"

—Sister Sarah M Rasmussen, Assistant Professor of Home and Family Science, Brigham Young University.

When our Saviour visited the Nephites, one of his first pronouncements was that "I am the light and the life of the world." Since then, the concept of life, rejuvenation, and resurrection have been symbolized by the color green. When we eat green Jell-O at LDS functions, it is no longer just lime gelatin, it is a representation of this concept.

The historical beginnings of this practice go all the way back to the 1930's when Sister Edith R. Hunt from Springville, Utah, took a green Jell-O salad to an Easter dinner at the Stake House. To Sister Hunt can also be attributed the practice of including shredded carrots in the Jell-O. She felt that the fiery orange color of the carrots represented light, so her green Jell-O/shredded carrot salad represented Christ as both the "light and the life of the world."

According to ancient Talmudic lore, the Israelites ate green Jell-O while they wandered in the wilderness. To them, the green coloring represented the jealousy of Jehovah. The jiggly nature of the Jell-O symbolized for them the quaking that they all experienced in the presence of the LORD.

Green Jell-O is also mentioned in the early Christian apocryphal book of St. Jerome the Just. In this text, green Jell-O is seen as a representation of the injunction to be both firm and flexible. However, it seems that the practice of eating green Jell-O was one of the first divine practices to be lost in the Apostasy.

Also of interest is a passage from the journal of Quincy T. Smith, second cousin of the prophet Joseph. He stated in an entry from 1838 that—

"Jo told me that the nefites [sic] et green gello in the land of Nefi, and that the reson Limhi returned from Zarahemla was to git it back. He done told me that in the Restoration of all things, we would sumday had to ete it agin."

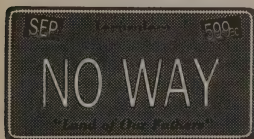
In light of this, Sister Hunt's Jell-O salad can be seen as a fulfillment of prophecy and an interesting footnote in the history of the Restoration.



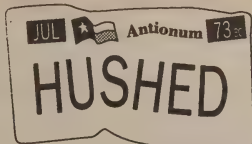
The personalized message on this license plate evidently belonged to either Kishkumen or Gadianton, the founders of the secret combinations in the year 42 B.C.



This plate has been identified by the registration sticker 479 (479 years since Lehi left Jerusalem) as belonging to Gideon, the servant of King Limhi who hatched the plan to escape from the City of Nephi by slipping out through the secret passage by night. It has been suggested that Gideon drove his car slowly through residential neighborhoods so that Nephites, seeing his license plate, could know of the escape plans without tipping off the Lamanites.



These surprising license plates, with Jerusalem registration stickers, have been identified as belonging to Laman and Lemuel, and provide provocative evidence suggesting that these brothers didn't leave all of their possessions in Jerusalem.



This crumpled plate has been ascribed to Korihor, the anti-Christ who was silenced by the Lord in 74 B.C. From the crumpled state of the license plate, it has been suggested that Korihor's car was totaled in a traffic accident—possibly by several cars—adding further credence to the scriptural account of his being "run upon and trodden down" by the Zoramites.



It has been suggested that this personalized message belonged to the Epistle sent by Captain Moroni to answer Ammonon's request to exchange prisoners. It is thought that the Epistle was a popular line of cars about the time of the Lamanite wars.



RELIGIONS COMPARED

Taoism:	@\$\$%! happens.
Confucianism:	Confucius say, "@\$\$%! happens."
Buddhism:	If @\$\$%! happens, it is not really @\$\$%!
Zen Buddhism:	What is the sound of @\$\$%! happening?
Hinduism:	This @\$\$%! happened before.
Islam:	If @\$\$%! happens, it is the will of Allah.
Judaism:	Why does this @\$\$%! always happen to us?
Shintoism:	Everything except Japan is @\$\$%!
Sikhism:	The Indian caste system is a bunch of @\$\$%!
Catholicism:	@\$\$%! happens because you are bad.
Eastern Orthodox:	Rome don't know @\$\$%!
Presbyterianism:	Let @\$\$%! happen to someone else.
Lutheranism:	If @\$\$%! happens, have faith, and it will stop.
Anglicanism:	Henry VIII didn't take no @\$\$%!
Pentecostalism:	@\$\$%! happens in tongues.
Seventh-day Adventism:	@\$\$%! happens every day but Saturday.
Jehovah's Witness:	Want to buy a subscription to our @\$\$%!
Christian Science:	If @\$\$%! happens, don't worry; it will go away on its own.
Jainism:	@\$\$%! happens, but don't step in it.
Born Again:	@\$\$%! happens, but I'm saved.
Scientology:	This @\$\$%! is expensive.
New Age:	Crystal power counteracts @\$\$%!
Jesuitism:	If @\$\$%! happens and no one hears it, did it really make a sound?
Hare Krishna:	@\$\$%! happens, Rama, Rama.
Satanism:	@\$\$%! rules!
Atheism:	@\$\$%! happens, so God doesn't exist.
Agnosticism:	Maybe @\$\$%! happens, and maybe it doesn't.
Stoicism:	So @\$\$%! happens. Big deal. I can take it.
Hedonism:	When @\$\$%! happens, enjoy it!
Rastafarianism:	Let's smoke this @\$\$%!
Native American Church:	We want our @\$\$%! back.
RLDS:	Brigham's full of @\$\$%!
Mormonism:	It's evil to say "@\$\$%!"

primary songs for a polluted planet

by rob ferguson

Modern Science Loves Me

Whenever I hear the sound of a plane,
Or look at polluted skies,
Whenever I feel acid rain on my face
Or the smog as it rushes by.
Whenever I touch a wilted rose,
Or walk by a dying tree,
I'm glad that I live in this Industrial world
Modern science created for me.

In the Barren Treetops

In the barren treetops
the birds sing "We're dying."
Pesticide kills them first.
It makes their insides burst.
In the barren treetops,
the birds sing "Good morning."

Ashes Falling from the Chimney

I looked out the window and
what did I see,
ashes and fallout coming from the chimney.
Spring has brought me such a nice surprise
cancer-causing agents right before my eyes.
I can take a lung full and make a treat,
a great big tumor that would feel so neat.
It wasn't really so, Geneva said to me.
Ashes falling, coming from the chimney.

Ducks in the Pond Quack

Ducks in the pond quack
a mournful song.
Mother hen cackles
the whole day long.
Birds in the nest
and smog in the treetops
all join in singing,
a mournful song.

WHITED SEPULCHRES

TOP 10 EXCUSES FOR NOT HELPING THE POOR

- 1—"I have to go to Sacrament Meeting."
- 2—"Why don't they get a job?"
- 3—*A View from the Right*
- 4—"I have to go buy my year's supply."
- 5—"I already paid my fast offering."
- 6—"There are no free lunches."
- 7—"I'm not their home teacher."
- 8—"Blessed are the poor."
- 9—"He that is idle shall not eat the bread, nor wear the garment of the laborer."
- 10—"Every man prospereth according to his genius."

TOP 10 ENVIRONMENTAL HYPOCRISIES

- 1—Driving 150 miles to an environmental protest.
- 2—Protesting the deer hunt while at a ward barbecue.
- 3—Wearing leather to an Eco-response meeting.
- 4—Buying recycled paper wrapped in plastic.
- 5—Printing fliers to protest deforestation.
- 6—Enjoying sunsets created by Geneva.
- 7—Sporting eco-fashions made of rayon.
- 8—Squashing bugs.
- 9—Walking only if your car breaks down.
- 10—Water skiers with "Dams Suck" bumper stickers.

TOP 10 HOME/VISITING TEACHING EXCUSES

- 1—I was too busy trying to get married.
- 2—I was too busy making a living.
- 3—I was too busy with school.
- 4—I was too busy fulfilling my duty as a (fill in Church calling)
- 5—I was too busy baking cookies.
- 6—I was too busy spending.
- 7—I was too busy.

- 8—I was too busy.
- 9—I was too busy.
- 10—The phone was busy.

TOP 10 OUT-OF-CONTEXT SCRIPTURAL JUSTIFICATIONS

- 1—Man's "dominion" of the Earth
- 2—Man's "dominion" of women
- 3—"The eye of the needle was a gate going into Jerusalem."
- 4—"Don't run faster than you have strength."
- 5—"The American Constitution is the only true and living constitution."
- 6—"Capitalism is men anxiously engaged in a good cause."
- 7—"The New Heaven and New Earth will take care of pollution."
- 8—"We are judged according to our desires, not our actions."
- 9—"There needs to be opposition in all things."
- 10—"The scriptures never said anything about that."

TOP 10 ADMINISTRATIVE POLICIES

- 1—Beards are of the devil.
- 2—Knees are of the devil.
- 3—*Student Review* is of the devil.
- 4—Students without ID are of the devil.
- 5—Earrings on males are of the devil.
- 6—Parking is of the devil.
- 7—Non-BYU issue is of the devil.
- 8—Food in the library is of the devil.
- 9—Non-BYUSA sanctioned activities are of the devil.
- 10—Socklessness was of the devil.

TOP 10 EXCUSES FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH

- 1—"I didn't hear my alarm."

- 2—"I went to my boy/girlfriend's ward."
- 3—"I hated it as a kid."
- 4—"I have my agency."
- 5—"I was (fill in the animal) hunting."
- 6—"I didn't have time to iron my clothes."
- 7—"I couldn't find my Sunday shoes."
- 8—"I forgot what time it started."
- 9—"I've heard all the lessons before."
- 10—"The healthy need no physician."

TOP 10 REASONS FOR CHURCH SPORTS

- 1—"It's a missionary tool."
- 2—"It teaches sportsmanship."
- 3—"It brings quorums together."
- 4—"It keeps our 'temples' strong."
- 5—"It promotes brotherly love."
- 6—"It keeps the youth off the streets."
- 7—"It helps families support each other."
- 8—"It promotes healthy competition."
- 9—"It's an alternative to dancing."
- 10—"Joseph Smith was a wrestler."

TOP 10 LDS MORALITY MYTHS

- 1—"It's alright as long as your hands don't do the touching."
- 2—"It's alright as long as you love each other."
- 3—"It's alright as long as you don't see anything."
- 4—"It's alright as long as you're home by midnight."
- 5—"It's alright as long as keep your feet on the ground."
- 6—"It's alright as long as you don't do it in the bedroom."
- 7—"It's alright as long as you have pure thoughts."
- 8—"It's alright as long as you keep your clothes on."
- 9—"It's alright as long as you're engaged."
- 10—"It's alright as long as you confess to your bishop."

geographic and national centrism in mormonism

by eric eliason

As a missionary in Holland I lived with three other elders—two Americans and a Canadian. We Americans were concerned that the Canadian did not share what we felt was our God-inspired reverence for the United States. To see if we could get him to see the light, we would assault his national loyalty and question his understanding of the gospel. We would say such things as, "You know elder, the D&C says that the U.S. Constitution is inspired, but it doesn't say anything about yours" and, "Why do you think Joseph Smith was American, not Canadian?" He countered our efforts at badgering him with attempted dialogue and examples of positive things about Canada. However his cool, chatty approach was no match for our raised voices and constant interruption. Exasperated, he finally said, "I'm sorry. I just can't tell you what you want to hear. I have different loyalties, that's all."

Since then I have gained a great respect for Canada. I admire its low crime rate, effective social programs, and majestic wilderness. Learning to appreciate Canada caused me to feel ashamed for the arrogance I had displayed. I wondered what inspired such behavior. The pride President Benson has warned us about several times seemed to be the culprit; however, a lingering suspicion tells me that pride was only a part of the problem.

The flash came to me a few years later as I was taking a test for my BYU "Gospel and World Religions" class. One of the questions on the test was: "Discuss the close bond between Shinto and Japan and share your feelings about it." That the islands and nation of Japan are chosen and superior to others is central to the world view of Shinto. This has formed an exclusive bond between Japan and its native religion. This sort of exclusivity is a characteristic of many belief systems around the world, but it leads

to an inseparability between the theology and geography, in turn limiting the religion's growth and the degree to which it is understood by the populations outside of its sacred region. This kind of limitation is not a problem for religions such as Shinto which are unconcerned with expansion, but for a church that strives to take its message to all mankind, any kind of provincialism should be of great concern.

Beliefs similar to Shinto's are present in Mormonism. One of these has been Latter-day Saint theology's emphasis on certain geographical areas. For many years new Mormon converts were encouraged to "gather to Zion." This practice made the establishment and growth of the Church outside of the Intermountain West impossible. The official consolidation of Mormonism in America ended in the 1930s when Church leaders began to encourage converts to stay in their native lands. "Gathering" served the necessary

purpose of establishing the Latter-day Saints as a distinct people with a unique culture and history. However, had this practise continued the Church may have become a "Shinto" of the Intermountain West.

Unfortunately, one aspect of the Mormon Zionist mentality still lingers with us today. It is the attitude that regards the entire world south of Mesa, Arizona; North of Rexburg, Idaho; west of Evanston, Wyoming; and west of Elko, Nevada as hordes of homogeneous gentiles. The few (which is too many) of us that still cling to the Utah/"mission field" dichotomy often don't see "the world" as a fascinating and eclectic blend of peoples, cultures, ideas and religions—all of which have innumerable treasures to offer us—but instead as a spiritual and moral wasteland to be avoided.

Not only has the "Mormon Cultural Region" enjoyed a special place in our paradigm, but

the American political and economic systems—that were once rejected, but are now embraced by Mormons—have profoundly shaped the way the Church is viewed in the world. There is a natural confusion with other things that flow south from the United States, such as the support of corrupt and oppressive regimes, and economic exploitation. Recently, several of our missionaries have been martyred—not for their religious convictions—but for their political appearance. It is understandable, considering the Church's American-flavored policies and visual presence, how some terrorists could confuse the innocent elders with Yankee imperialists. Our bewilderment at these tragic deaths testifies to our need for greater understanding of, and sensitivity to, other cultures and philosophies. Unfortunately, an Americentric attitude has

see "geo" page 31

scholars or censors: the last days of avraham gileadi

by paul rawlins

The recent controversy over Avraham Gileadi's *The Last Days: Types and Shadows from the Bible and Book of Mormon*—Deseret Book's best-seller which was unexpectedly pulled from the shelves this summer—leaves me with questions and disappointments. Gileadi's book supposedly advanced certain unorthodox doctrines, including his views on the Davidic servant spoken of in Isaiah, and the "marvelous work and wonder" to take place in the last days. Ronald Millett, president of Deseret Book, said that Deseret underestimated the number of complaints publishing the book would bring about. Newspaper articles have mentioned members of BYU's religion faculty as being among the books detractors.

As Latter-day Saints, we seem to have a problem when it comes to discussing ourselves or our own doctrines; a problem in taking an intellectual approach to our own theology when this goes much beyond scientific support for the Word of Wisdom or moral cleanliness. I have wondered before just what an LDS theological scholar might do in a Church based on revelation—sometimes the scholar's work seems moot and the room for interpretation or investigation seems narrow. All that is left is finding "temporal" support or evidence for what we have been told and the only

view to present is that of reaffirming one Lord, one faith, and one baptism as it always has been.

This is, of course, taking things to the extreme, but we are in a sphere where often, intellectually, we best tread lightly. We lack accepted forums of free discussion and instruction: *The Ensign*, for example, faces a difficult problem, and one that I can sympathize with. Many members take what's written therein as doctrine, whether it is definitive or not. The Church is larger now than it has ever been, and doctrine must be "regulated," as it had to be in Helaman's time (Alma 62:44). The eyes of the world, similarly, are more upon us than they have been at any time, and this world is one both skeptical and irreverent, and we possess pearls which some would treat as would swine. All these things lead to a curtailing of dialogue, moving it toward a center. I don't deny such a thing as "safe ground" or a mainstream, but we have a hard time talking about some subjects when everybody's watching closely, wanting to either incriminate or vindicate us.

Now along comes Mr. Gileadi's book, the work of a careful scholar, a work not claiming to be doctrine, a work that does not attack the Church but is controversial. Here is a perfect chance for scholars to act like scholars and present their arguments for or against, but instead we get censors. Why, instead of complaining about the book and perhaps attempting to

apply pressure to have the book pulled, didn't the detractors offer the community another book or some articles? Why not enter the arena of scholarly debate, with both sides admitting that scholarly debate—not doctrinal exposition—is what they are involved in?

The book's being pulled by Deseret Book after the (atypically) extensive review it went through doesn't totally quash such debate, but it throws Gileadi into an unsavory or "unsanctioned" light to begin with. And the whole affair becomes more troubling when you consider that those who influenced the pulling of the book might be taking on the role that, according to the *Ogden Standard Examiner*, Professor Larry Dahl worried about in terms of the book. According to the *Standard's* article, Dahl was concerned about the book leading members astray. In other words, he was worried about members looking to this book as an authority. Meanwhile, people are behind the scenes setting themselves up as authorities, trying to influence the distribution of one man's ideas. Debate I might like to listen to and might learn something from, but this pulling of the book leaves me thinking, "Who do you think you are?" about some unknown body. I can applaud their concern and their activism, but not their approach.

What makes Gileadi a good test case for scholarly debate is that the doctrines in question (some finer points of Mormon theology) don't

seem to be those which will hurt anybody—providing we don't hold to any interpretation of "obscure points of doctrine" too tightly. It appears that obscure points of doctrine are obscure, in part, because they are first unknown in any definitive sense, and second, they are not necessarily of profound import to our salvation at the moment, especially if we are willing to discard any interpretation which turns out to be erroneous if and when new light is made available on the subject.

Avraham Gileadi's book provided a chance for talk, but the push seems to be towards silence. I would like to extend an open invitation now, especially to members of the religion faculty here and others who have read the book, to make use of the forum provided by the *Review*. I, for one, would like to know what the fuss is all about, in more depth than that which I've been able to glean with the newspapers. I, for one, would like to see us in the Church find ways to better talk about ourselves, and allow others—particularly when they are not approaching apostasy—the "same privilege." Mr. Robert Smith put it well in the *Tribune*: "Anything new tends to be controversial. Whether they agree or disagree, most people would come down on the side of letting him offer his viewpoint. A lot of people are curious about Deseret Book's reasons for pulling it off the shelves." I know I am.

the greedy landlord syndrome: down & out at the glenwood, et al.

by edward armstrong

Let me tell you about my landlord. He owns the Glenwood, the Riviera, Cambridge Courts, and Raintree apartments. He has made it a policy to keep some of his tenants' deposit in addition to the rent he charges. The Glenwood Apartments advertise a deposit of only \$125 on your apartment, but when you leave, they give you back a paltry \$105 (at best). If you ask why, they point to the small print on the back of their contract "addendum" that says they will subtract a non-refundable maintenance fee from your deposit each semester. The sleazy part of this is that the tenant is not being charged for damage done to the apartment but for "maintenance," despite that in the BYU student-landlord contract, the "landlord agrees to maintain, at his or her expense, both the interior and exterior of the property." Not only does he charge tenants a maintenance expense, he also makes tenants financially responsible for such things as burned-out light bulbs. *Why make so much noise about a lousy \$20?* That lousy \$20 adds up to a potential revenue of \$23,000 every two semesters, not including the interest that it would earn.

What about the accusations that we are over-charged and over-crowded? The Glenwood charges \$140 for 121 square feet of living space per person. That means renters will have paid \$9.20 per sq. foot at the end of one Fall-Winter term. The Glenwood has 192

apartments, and each apartment houses six tenants who pay \$140 monthly rent, plus their own utilities, which means that management could receive \$1.2 million during Fall-Winter term if they were filled to capacity. (That's not a bad intake for an apartment complex built so shoddily that a wind storm blew its roof off last semester.)

Cambridge Courts charges \$425 a month plus utilities for a one bedroom apartment; so much for the estimate recently published in the *Daily Universe* that said one-bedroom units rent for \$250 to \$350 each month. A monthly rent of \$425 even exceeds their estimate of \$325 to \$385 a month for two-bedroom units. Do you realize how much this guy is making off of us? Don't forget that he owns the Riviera and Raintree apartments as well! You would think that at the very least he could afford to give us a full refund of our security deposit.

The maintenance charge is typical of the management's policy of charging its tenants little extra fees every chance it gets. Some other examples are: a \$25 late rent fee, a \$10 inter-complex move, a \$10 contract transfer fee, a \$20 improper check-out fee, a \$15 fee for key replacement, a \$5 nightly guest fee, a \$10 fee for each offense of having a bicycle in your apartment without a waiver, a \$5 fine for failing a monthly cleaning inspection, a \$15 an hour charge for cleaning service if you fail a cleaning re-check, a \$10 parking permit fee, and a daily fee for items left behind after tenancy ends. If you think any of this stinks, you should smell the laundry of the students who can't afford the coin-operated washers and dryers.

I wish I had sufficient tie and space to talk

about the nature of each individual fee. Since I don't, I will only talk about the \$10 contract transfer fee. This fee is part of a policy that makes a double profit off of tenants who are moving out. Tenants who need to move out of Glenwood for one reason or another are required to sell their contract at their own expense. The management does not inform prospective renters who call them seeking an apartment of contracts for sale. Why can't the management help those tenants who want to leave, by putting them in contact with those people who are buying an apartment? Could it be because they can make more money by putting the burden on the tenant? Well, that's understandable, the poor landlord does have to look after his or her own interests. But what just cause does he have to charge the tenant \$10 after they manage to sell the contract at their own expense?

What can we do about it? As far as the law is concerned, nothing. The landlords have the law on their side. A monopoly can be a powerful bargaining tool, and the scarcity of reasonable housing forces us to take it where we can find it. This usually means we have to sign some two-page document full of clauses that supports the landlord's right to suck us dry within the letter of the law, and to kick us out into the street when we can't pay our rent.

These contacts have such a pro-owner slant that tenants that sign them are subject to the

see "greedy" page 29



attack of the perfume beast

by m. spaff sumsion

I had the water adjusted to the perfect temperature and was about to step into the shower when the doorbell rang. Of course, I should have just ignored it, but I was the only one home and my mind started playing the false-expectations game: "What if it's my roommate's cute sister?" "What if it's Columbia House with my 87 free CD's?" "What if my ex-girlfriend has flown in from Texas to say she's divorced and wants me back?"

I couldn't stifle my curiosity, so I threw on some sweats and my "Go slime a Salmon" baseball cap and ran to the door. There stood a smug-looking guy with a duffle bag over his shoulder. "Hi," he said. "I'm..."

"Wait—don't tell me. Some concerned community group is trying to 'keep you off the streets' by sending you door-to-door in strange neighborhoods."

"Um, no..."

"Oh, I know. You're supporting your big brother on a mission by selling turtles—that-you-bite-but-won't-bite-back."

Right?"

"No. I'm 25. I don't have a big brother on a mission. But I do have a FABULOUS bargain for you." He reached into his bag and pulled out a shiny yellow bottle. "How much do you pay for Obsession in the store? 60 bucks an ounce? I'll give you a whole quart of it for 25. Here, smell." He aimed it at my arm. Pffft.

"Ack!" I said. "You're the Perfume Beast! Get thee hence, Perfume Beast! I don't want any fake Obsession!"

"It's not fake Obsession," said the

Perfume Beast. It's real Obsession!"

"Fake," I said. "Fake fake fake." I sniffed my arm. "And it smells like roach urine."

Just then my roommate Quinn came home and saw the Beast. "A Jehovah's Witness!" he said. "Come in, dude. I know what it's like to be an unappreciated mis-sionary."

"It's not a JW," I tried to warn him, but he was too busy being charitable. (Sometimes Quinn is too darn holy for his own good. I mean, he's been steady—dating the same woman since Halloween and hasn't even kissed her yet.)

Fortunately, he figured out the nature of the Beast. "You're not a missionary, you're a perfume salesman," he said. "Wow. Let me call my girlfriend to see if she wants any. She wears your stuff." (Now I understood why he'd never kissed her.)

He went down the hall, leaving me alone to face the Beast. I felt rush of uncharacteristic compassion and decided to give the thing a change. Besides, I had just finished the Drakkar my ex-girlfriend had given me (God rest her troubled soul), and maybe all of it didn't smell as bad as the Obsession.

"Do you have anything that smells like Drakkar?"

"Sure," he said, handing me a bottle. "I have some Drakkar right here."

"You mean imitation Drakkar." I aimed it at my hand. Pffft.

"No, I mean real Drakkar. If it were imitation, we'd have to print 'imitation' on the bottle. We believe in 'truth in advertising.'"

Don't give me that. It doesn't even say 'Drakkar.' It says something French, um, 'Eau de Scarabee.' And it smells like roach urine."

i wanna rock

Everyone in the Church knows that the Book of Mormon is "the keystone of our religion." The Savior, we acknowledge, is "the cornerstone of our religion." And the Doctrine and Covenants has recently been touted as "the capstone of our religion." This raises some important religious and geological questions: What are the other

"stones of our religion," and how long will it take the Church to publicize them? Well, thanks to some diligent infiltration of the HBL's secret fourth-floor vault, *Student Review* has discovered the identity of many more sacred stones. We are proud to list them for your further light and knowledge.

Missionary Training Center: *The sharpening stone of our religion*
 The Ensign "Mormon Journal": *The blarney stone of our religion*
 LDS dating scene: *The grindstone of our religion*
 The Godmakers: *The gallstone of our religion*
 Palmyra, New York: *The Yellowstone of our religion*
 Bonneville Communications: *The Oliver Stone of our religion*
 Copies of the Daily Universe scattered through the library: *The cobblestones of our religion*
 Ty Delmer: *The pet rock of our religion*
 The Osmonds: *The rhinestones of our religion*
 The polygamous era: *The Stone Age of our religion*
 "This is the Place" monument: *The Plymouth Rock of our religion*
 The Solomon Spaulding manuscript: *The kidney stone of our religion*
 Macchu Pichu, Brazil: *The Stonehenge of our religion*
 Hurriedly-baptized South American members: *The sandstone of our religion*
 General Authorities Emeritus: *The petrified wood of our religion*
 "Alternate voices": *The Sunstone of our religion*
 The KSL satellite: *The seerstone of our religion*
 Green Jell-O: *The limestone of our religion*
 The Miracle of Forgiveness: *The fire and brimstone of our religion*
 PGA golfers: *The hailstones of our religion*
 The RLDS Church: *The stone's-throw from our religion*
 Apostasy: *The tombstone of our religion*
 Paul H. Dunn inspirational cassettes: *The fool's gold of our religion*
 Utah politicians: *The people-who-live-in-glass-houses—shouldn't-throw-stones of our religion*
 BYU football team: *The stoned of our religion*
 Afterglow, Janice Kapp Perry, Lex deAzevedo, Bryce Neubert, et al.: *The Rolling Stones of our religion*
 Thomas S. Monson: *The Fred Flintstone of our religion*

name that seventies tune

It's time to come out of the closet and face it. You listened to AM radio in the 70s and you liked it. You even bought records during the Decade of Music Hell. Go ahead, admit it. "Oh, sure," you may say, "I liked Fleetwood Mac and the Eagles and, uh, Zeppelin and Floyd..." Maybe. But you *also* liked Abba and the Village People and the Bee Gees and (shudder) Barry Manilow. You liked *Disco*. Right?!

Right. So, child of the 70s, this quiz is for you. Hang up a mirror ball, put on some polyester, and hum through the following lyrics as if you were an 8-track tape player. Give yourself two points for each song you name, and another two for naming the artist (cough, cough) that performed it. 100 points are possible; measure your worth against a basic grade breakdown. If you get an "A" on this (90 or above), that's embarrassing. Don't tell anyone.

Answers are given below. Don't cheat. And may the force be with you.

1. Her name was Lola
She was a showgirl
With yellow feathers in her hair
And a dress cut down to there

2. Well you can tell by the way I
use my walk
I'm a woman's man—no time to talk

3. I got chills, they're multiplying
And I'm losing control
For the power you're supplying
It's electrifying!

4. Some say love, it is a river
That drowns the tender reed

5. The devil bowed his head
because he knew that he'd been beat
And he laid that golden fiddle on
the ground at Johnny's feet

6. I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride my bike
I want to ride my bicycle
I want to ride it where I like

7. I says "Big Ben, this here's the
Rubber Duck
We just ain't a-gonna pay no toll."
So we crashed the gate going 98
I says "Let them truckers roll. 10-4."

8. Never gonna stop, give it up
Such a dirty mind
I always get it up for the touch
Of the other kind
My my my ay ay whoo!

9. Why do birds suddenly appear
Every time you are near?

10. Gitchy gitchy yah yah yahma
Gitchy gitchy yah yah yee...
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ç
soir?
Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?

11. So many nights I sit by my
window
Waiting for someone to sing me
his song

12. *Shooby dooby doo-wop*, I wanna
dedicate it
Bop bop shoo-wop, Everybody
made it
Shooby dooby doo-wop, Infiltrate it
Bop bop shoo-wop, Activate it

13. Met her on a Monday and my
heart stood still
Somebody told me that her name
was Jill

14. Just slip out the back, Jack
Make a new plan, Stan
No need to be coy, Roy
Just listen to me

15. I remember when rock was
young
Me and Susie had so much fun
Holdin' hands and skimmin'
stones
Had an old gold Chevy and a
place of my own

16. You're looking good just like a
snake in the grass
One of these days you're gonna
break the glass
...I'll tell you once more
Before I get off the floor

17. They got little hands and little
eyes
They go around telling great big
lies

18. Some sweet-talking girl comes
along
Singing her song
Don't mess around, you just got
to be strong
Just stop—cause I really love you
Stop—I've been thinking of you

19. I say, young man—there's a
place you can go
I say, young man—when you're
short on the dough
...It's fun to play at the...

20. Babe, I love you so

I want you to know
That I'm gonna miss your love
The minute you walk out that
door

21. If you like Pina Coladas
Gettin' caught in the rain
If you're not into yoga
If you have half a brain

22. I-yi-yi-yi just can't wait
I-yi-yi-yi got a date
It's at the good ole rock and roll
road show
Gotta go!

23. Friday night and the lights are
low
Looking out for a place to go
Where they play the rock music
Getting in the swing
You've come to look for a king

24. Goodbye, Michelle, it's hard to
die
When all the birds are singing in
the sky
Now that the Spring is in the air
With the flowers everywhere
I wish that we could both be there

25. Born in Arizona
Moved to Babylonla
Yeah, he was born in Arizona
Got a condo made of stone-a

26. [Bonus for those of you from
homes with rules about "Sunday
music"]
Who are these children coming
down, coming down
Like gentle rain through darkened
skies?

answers page 31

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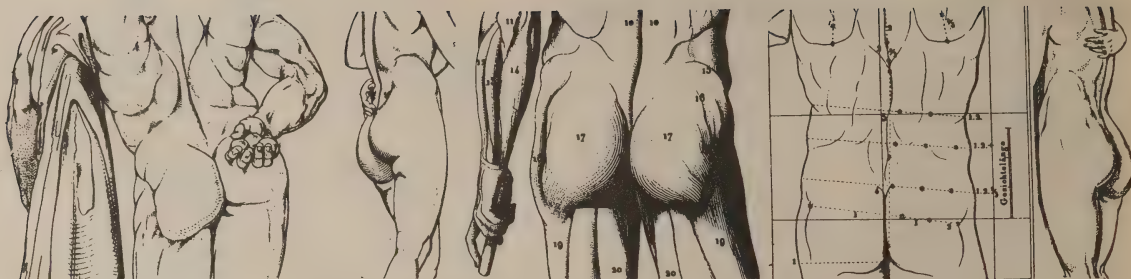
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to bum or not to bum?

pro: at least i've got a groove thing to shake

by charro nibley

I admit it—I've got a big ole' butt.

I've quite resigned myself to the fact that I will never be one of those really skinny types. I don't wear Guess jeans or Girbaud "Skinny Cowboy" jean shorts; I wear size 36 501s really baggy with a large belt. I'm not a stalk of celery; I'm a pear. I'm not Barbie; I'm the "Happy to Be Me" doll.

But it's okay. My butt-esteem complex is just a cultural bias thing. A physiology like mine, while discounted in the land of the free and the home of the body anxious, is valued in exotic places like Cuba. I read this article in National Geographic about Cuban men. You know what they say about buttless women? They say this: "She

looks like a cigarette that's been smoked down too far." These are my kind of guys. What they would say about me: "She looks like a really good Havana cigar." I can see it now. A nice place on some Caribbean beachfront, a dark-haired man, and no worries about what I look like from behind. Sounds like paradise.

My kind of bum is also favored by the African Hottentot tribe, Brazilians, and rap singers. An entire genre of rap songs has been devoted to the large rear end. "Doing the Butt" and "Big Ole' Butt" are but two examples of this fine breed of devotional music. What can I say? My type of body has a following among those who live large. So what if fashion designers and swimsuit models give my body type

bad press? As Stu Smalley would say, "That's okay." I have L.L. Cool J. singing my praises.

There are many other positive points to having a bum like mine. First of all, it provides you considerable advantage on the dance floor. I can shake my groove thing in ways that the buttless members of this species could never dream of. I can also do the "bump" without giving my partner puncture wounds from exceedingly sharp hip bones. I can sit on people's laps much longer than a bony person—I don't put dents in their thighs because I'm rounded. I've found that I can also nudge people out of my way in tight spots with a simple switch of the hips. My notable bum also gives me the appearance of "attitude." People in second grade used

to accuse me of trying to "act hot" by sticking out my butt when I walked across the playground. I tried to tell them I wasn't consciously sticking it out; it just came that way. I used to fret over it. I tried reducing exercises. But I came to love and accept myself. (Now if people accuse me of trying to "act hot," I just stick out my beautiful bum further and say, "Act hot? Sugar, I am hot!")

Since my physique is genetic—that's right, buddy, I was born this way—I have adopted this attitude of gleeful resignation. I had this bum when I was (seriously) running one hundred miles a week in high school and skipping meals; I have this bum during finals when I live on Reese's, Dr. Pepper, and Vivarin. I know that nothing I do ... *nothing* ... will change

this fact. Thus, I conduct my life with whim and reckless abandon. Aerobics? Sure. And then Ben & Jerry's right afterwards. If I go running, it's because I like to run. And when I eat—I eat, I eat. I eat like a Tongan football player. And then I go to sleep. And when I wake up the next day, the whole package will still be the same.

So while you butt-less crew live life on seeds and berries and do step aerobics in your little thong outfits (never worn by women like me because we have some sense), I relax. You, my friends, face the great unknown of what you will gain if you stop. I have nothing to lose. And I think I like it.

No butts about it.

con: so what if my wallet is the most prominent feature on my backside

by matthew workman

I'll come right out and say it: I have no butt. I was born without one and there seems little chance of my ever having one. I come from a long line of factory workers who stood all day. Through the generations, we have lost the gene that causes humans to develop posteriors.

The buttless life is not an easy one—my pants fall down, sitting in hard chairs becomes quite uncomfortable, and people who have attempted to pinch my butt have always come away empty handed and disappointed. I have been the object of countless demeaning names like "Mr. No Butt," "the buttless wonder," and "the flying buttress" (the implication being that my butt has actually flown away).

Yes, life is tough when the most prominent feature on your backside is your wallet, but I don't let it get me down. I mean, who's to say that having no butt is a bad thing? William Shakespeare had no butt, but he became a great writer. It is also widely known that Napoleon had no butt, but he didn't let that stop him from conquering large portions of the world. Why should I let my buttless state stop me from achieving my goal of, uh, of graduating from this school before the year 2000.

I have done a little research on the whole butt issue and have discovered some very interesting facts:

There is a poetry book in the library that glorifies people with no butts. It's called *To Butt or Not to Butt* (if you don't believe me, go to the

HBLL and look it up yourself.) In this book, there are poems from individuals—some prominent, some obscure—on the perils of life without seat cushions. My favorite comes from unknown author L. Raymond Whitney. It's called "Butt Out," and accurately describes life with no butt:

I have no butt.
It's sad but true.
I have no butt,
Though most folks do.
When I walk down the streets,
People point and say,
"That man's got no butt!"
"Wow man, no way!"
I say to those people (and don't think me rude),

"Yeah, I've got no butt! Deal with it dude!"

Evidence exists that indicates people without butts are happier than the general public. The BYU Department of Sociology recently published a report that found "glutally deficient" persons happy 74 percent of the time, while the general population only was happy 40 percent of the time. However, the study did find that those without butts suffered more from the fear of falling into public toilets.

All winners of the *Time* magazine "Man of the Year" prize have fallen into the "no butt" or "extremely small butt" categories. Only one winner did not. That's right, Adolph Hitler was reported to have had an enormous posterior, and anxiety over it may have caused him to develop plans to control all of Europe.

In 1973, Congress passed HB-q4086452, commonly known as the "anti-butt-discrimination

bill." It required public busses and trains to put thicker cushions on their seats and provide areas where buttless patrons could stand if they wished.

Discovery of these facts has made life without a butt easier for me, but I fear there are many people in Provo who are without a fully developed backside and are embarrassed to leave the house. If you know anyone in this situation, be kind to him or her, give your friend a hug and encourage him or her stop being ashamed about something they can't control. Just don't pinch their butts.

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"abortion" from page 9

against tax increases and who would not support a welfare system if they had the choice. Their reasoning always returns to the word "responsibility." Unfortunately, maturity makes us realize that many circumstances, often the ones we are born into, are beyond our control. People who deny reality on the basis of morality are in many ways intellectual infants.

The government is obviously aware of economic and political realities. They know that reversing *Roe v. Wade* will have little effect on abortion. They know that women who have abortions will continue to do so whether abortion is legal or not, but that if abortion is illegal, economically underprivileged women will suffer. Considering the results, why is the Bush Administration actively seeking to make abortion illegal?

It would be nice to suppose that purely moral concerns dictate George Bush's policy, but morals have rarely conflicted with pragmatics in Bush's brand of politics. Chief Justice William Rehnquist wrote in the majority opinion regarding federally funded prenatal clinics that the government "chooses to fund childbirth, not abortion." Do they really? How does the government plan to pay for the care of millions of babies born to mothers who cannot afford to support them?

The answer is, of course, that we are already paying for them. Strict government abortion regulations in many cases already prevent lower class women from having abortions through conventional channels. Middle and upper class women, on the other hand, have no difficulty obtaining an abortion under the present system, nor would they have any difficulty obtaining one if *Roe v. Wade* were reversed. Many states would adopt lenient abortion laws, but funding for economically underprivileged women would remain unavailable. In Southern and Western states, the class of women currently unable to obtain abortions would remain unable to do so. Women who wanted abortions for convenience would simply go to California. The current abortion debate confines itself to such rigid moral terms on both sides that it fails to realize that it has no practical relationship to reality.

Without feasible, respectable alternatives, women will have abortions whether they are legal or not. They will have abortions whether they are moral or not. Legalized abortion may perpetrate one moral wrong by denying the rights of the fetus, but it can ameliorate another moral wrong by protecting the rights of women. Whether one moral wrong supersedes the other makes for an interesting debate, but meanwhile, economic and social realities must be addressed. Legislation against abortion is not a solution. It will not prevent abortions for convenience. It will not help women who physically or psychologically do not want children. While abortion should never

Clarification: Although the BYU bell tower's hourly chimings of "Come Come Ye Saints" were replaced Monday with such tunes as "Come Together," "Come Up to My Room," and "Relax," the administration wishes to point out that this was a one-time-only occurrence. Bell ringer Quoissy Modeaux has been fired.

be considered an acceptable form of birth control, neither should the current moral hypocrisy be considered an acceptable form of addressing reality. The Bush Administration attacks abortion because after the moral atrocities they've committed on the international scene, they need a moral victory on the homefront.

One that won't cost them anything.

"lawyer" from page 9

The three day conference offered many ideas to solve the lawyer problem. But like most solutions to the piracy of American legal manipulation, few ideas withstood critical scrutiny. Unfortunately, space does not permit any explication of the most well-received proposal, given by a certain J. Dahmer of Milwaukee: "Lawyers and Global Malnutrition: Killing Two Birds with one Scalpel."


"nude" from 12

(5) *More trees.* Without junk mail, and with people saying exactly what they mean and nothing more, fewer mindless, polemical books and advertisements would be written, and those that would be written would be smaller. This means fewer trees would have to be cut down, a healthier biosphere, less chance of critical breakdown in our oxygen supply, and thus a much smaller chance of all life on earth perishing.

(6) *Less uptightness about language.* Once we start using the nude word, we can start listening to J. Golden Kimball tapes for his gospel insights, instead of nervously laughing at his word choice. We could read Henry Miller without feeling guilty of something. And we could openly critique movies without getting hung up over a naughty word or two.

And most importantly ...
(7) *If roommates, in-laws, parents, or children are being narrow minded or stupid, we can tell them.*

Of course, this means that we'll be subject to the same criticisms as well. Good. Naked humility is the mother of virtue, after all.



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"bird" from page 13

would fit our situation.

Mormonbird sounds stupid.

"We'll just help him get better," said my mother. "When he can fly, we'll let him go. But we want to make sure he can get away from the cats."

"The angry mobs."

I stood with my best friend, my cousin, under a pure green tent under a heavy April sky. Our heads bowed while my father dedicated the grave. With my eyes shut, I saw the crimson and gold of the flowers at the viewing branded onto my eyelids. The trees lining the back of the cemetery seemed to be green curtains falling from a gray ceiling.

I sit beside the hospital bed my uncles brought for her room. The lights are off because they hurt her eyes. The green curtains are parted slightly to allow a little gray light to wash in. She is asleep now but soon she will wake and I will need to help her to her stool so she can relieve herself. My aunt will be over soon to help feed her, but she is never hungry. She helped when I had a difficult move from Virginia to California six months ago when I was thirteen. She enabled me to realize that things weren't so bad after all. Now I really can't help her at all. The cancer came back. It's every-

where, and she probably won't be around by the end of next month. "What a way to spend your Spring Break," she says apologetically as I help her up.

"It's been a whole year since then, she lasted a whole year," I thought to myself. Then I cried again, quietly, but I couldn't stop. Nancy looked at me and cried too. "It is better that she isn't suffering anymore." I told myself that over and over as her casket was lowered into the ground. I remembered when we stayed on the beach in North Carolina and she polished shells; when she showed me how to make a chocolate cake from scratch.

A deep darkness settled in my heart. As empty as my grandmother's house that the family was trying to sell. Then my parents decided that they wanted the house. Soon our house was on the market, and we were busy pulling our furniture out and driving it the block and a half to my grandmother's house.

It was painful living in her house. I couldn't even think of it as ours. My brothers got her bedroom, and I would never go in there. I thought it was like picking the scab off a wound; if you make it bleed, it will never heal. My parents enjoyed the constant reminders of Grandma. I helped them feel closer to her. For me, it only enhanced my belief that life was basically futile.

My mother and one of my brothers took turns cleaning Mahonri's rooms. When I left for school in August, two months later, he hadn't shown much improvement. But the continual attention and care eventually paid off. When I was back for Christmas, he was nearly ready to fly. His tail feathers had grown in, but his wings were weak.

I slouched on the floor in the dorm room across the hall. Margaret was sprawled on her bed, immersed in two conversations with five girls from other rooms on the floor. I was reading a children's story, "I'll Love You For Always," and pretending to be social by making occasional grunts when someone addressed me. A tear fell on to the page, *tap*; I drew in a sharp breath, *sob*. My nose was full and threatened to drip, but Margaret pulled out a tissue and let it float down to me. As I held the Kleenex to my nose she said, "Sad story, isn't it? It always makes me cry."

"When my grandmother died my aunt read it at the funeral." The girls looked at me, concerned, inviting me to explain. "Oh, I'm all right, though." Like when a football player takes a tackle or when a kid falls off a jungle gym and stands up carefully, checking for injuries, I felt around. Perhaps a little bruised, but I really am all right.

"okay" from page 19

help humanity, as well as an ironic underestimation of God's plans for women—especially ironic when the majority of those promoting this view are women themselves.

Overemphasizing the "commandment" aspect of the opportunity to serve a mission has only negative effects. While serving my mission, I knew a number of young people who had entered the mission field to please someone else. They brought with them burdens of unresolved guilt and doubts, and had been too afraid to tell anyone of their insecurity for fear of losing favor with parents or friends. Once on a mission, their fears increased; confession there would surely mean dishonorable release. And so they kept silent while being tortured internally.

How can we keep such

unfortunate situations from occurring, while still recognizing the counsel of church leaders as valid? First, we can stop emphasizing missions as an obligation—as if two years service could do anything toward repaying Jesus for his sacrifice. Second, we can stop viewing missions as a "rite of passage" without which men can never be worthy fathers or church members. Third, realize that not every male in the Church will be sufficiently prepared at the magic age of 19. Fourth, instead of using force, we can teach in love and seek to understand—instead of blaming. The large percentage of BYU students who found it an acceptable choice not to serve, indicates a change in thought for the better, a level of acceptance typical of the Savior, a realization that a mission doesn't necessarily make the man—or the woman—despite trite Mormon catch-phrases.

.....

sation. No longer do we need to simply insist on nonnegotiable principles as dictated by an amorphous God when the real God is willing to reason with us. In other words, the only reason to insist that revelation can proscribe certain topics from the realm of reason is that some people, in the name of revelation, simply aren't willing to join the conversation. Fortunately, God is not among their company.

God describes himself as a reasoner. He says, "Come now, and let us reason together" (Isaiah 1:18); "With him that cometh I will reason as with men in days of old, and I will show unto you my strong reasonings" (D&C 45:10); "Hearken and I will reason with you" (45:15); "When a man reasoneth he is understood of man, because he reasoneth as a man; even so will I, the Lord, reason with you that you may understand" (50:12). If God is willing to reason, then it is a mistake to confine God to a realm of revelation. Everyone that enters the community of God must be willing to reason just as God does. Some are not the revealers and others the reasoners. All influences must be maintained with persuasion, gentleness, and love.

Therefore, the reason/revelation dichotomy is not apt for a community of saints. Neither is the skepticism/faith dichotomy, which is often equated with reason/revelation. Faith in God is our common ground, but what that faith means is not for any one member of the community to dictate.

Stan Albrecht, BYU's Academic Vice President, gave a poignant address to the faculty in September 1991. He criticized those who "wrap themselves and their work in the flag of assumed gospel truth," for these people "in the protective coating of their own special interpretation of the gospel foreclose discussion." Albrecht shared his vision of a Mormon scholarly community where there is mutual respect and encouragement for each other's work. Albrecht's impatience with those who see themselves as fighting a holy war is warranted by his own research. He knows that Mormons are anomalous among American religions in the effect that education has on their religiosity (cf. "The Consequential Dimension of Mormon Religiosity," Distinguished Faculty Lecture, February 15, 1989). He knows that Mormons don't need to be spooked by those who want to sacrifice academic excellence on behalf of "religious values" because there is, in fact, a demonstrated symbiotic relationship between learning and Mormon religiosity.

The real danger to BYU, and the Church in

see "creed" page 31

"creed" from page 19

Adam.

The reason/revelation dichotomy has been getting good mileage at BYU in the last year. In February 1991, Elder Boyd K. Packer gave a devotional address in which he assumed that the demise of the church-sponsored university in the United States has the potential to affect BYU in that BYU, too, could be overcome by secular interests at the expense of religious ones. He quoted an essay entitled "The Death of Religious Higher Education" published in *First Things*, January 1991, which warned of the relinquishment of religious convictions in the pursuit of academic excellence. Elder Packer, after citing the "ancient conflict between reason and revelation" said,

There are two opposing convictions in the university environment. On the one hand 'seeing is believing'; on the other: 'believing is seeing.' Both are true! Each in its place. The combining of the two individually or institutionally is the challenge of life. Neither influence will easily surrender to the other. They may function for a time under some sort of a truce, but the subtle discord is ever present.

The reason/revelation dichotomy showed up in Bruce Hafen's university conference address last September. His metaphor for this dichotomy was "Our professional credentials may have earned us passports to Athens, but our citizenship must always remain in Jerusalem."

President Lee also endorsed this sort of view in his latest devotional address. He postulated that there are things that change and things that don't. He cited the Word of Wisdom and the Law of Chastity as examples of unchangeable principles. He talked as if these laws and other moral standards are inscribed somewhere in the heavens, somewhere outside of God himself, with such power that even God is subject to obey them. He claimed that Paul holds the same view as he does, but failed to give a reference. But it is no wonder that Lee and others cannot support their views with scripture since the dichotomies they insist upon are taken wholly from the history of Western philosophy.

Two philosophical figures who divided reason and revelation from each other are Thomas Aquinas, who attempted to reconcile the philosophy of Aristotle with a Christianity that had been tainted by platonism, and Immanuel Kant, who separated the operations of faith from those of reason because faith cannot know what it claims to know. The split that Aquinas and Kant, among others, created is what Packer, Hafen, and Lee consider to be the way things really are. When confronted with the historical contingency of what they thought were unchanging truths, the proponents of the dichotomy can only stamp their feet and insist that there really are absolute principles out there somewhere. Such persons are examples of the ascetic priests that Friedrich Nietzsche so vehemently criticizes in *On the Genealogy of Morals*.

It seems to me that Mormons do not have to buy into this dichotomy and would be far better off if they didn't. The tendency to think that there are atemporal moral absolutes also need not find a home among Mormons, for the scriptures are clear that God makes these rules. One scripture reads, "There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundation of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated" (D&C 130:21). In other words, some moral laws are decreed. Who decrees them? God the Father, for He is the only Absolute. Therefore, absolute truth is not that which is independent of God, but that which is made by Him. It is simply a mistake to grant an independently absolute status to moral prescriptions such as the Word of Wisdom when such pronouncements have been given and withdrawn at God's will.

Why do we as Latter-day Saints need to subscribe to this split world view? We certainly seem to have enough warrant to reject it out-of-hand since Joseph Smith described God as a corporeal person and humans as potential gods. The two worlds aren't so far apart after all. I think that we should rather subscribe to Joseph's and Brigham's holistic vision of education which includes God as a member of our community and a partner in our conver-

mercy and whims of their landlord. The management also exploits a tenant's basic need for transportation. Bicycle owners are contractually forced to use the bicycle racks at Glenwood for the the price of a Bike Permit. Read item 35 of the contract addendum: "(1) All tenants with bicycles must have a Glenwood Bike Permit, and use bicycle racks on the premises. (2) Bicycles are not allowed in the apartment unless a waiver has been properly signed and turned in to the office. (3) There is a \$10.00 charge for each offense of having bicycle(s) in the apartment without a waiver. (4) Glenwood is not responsible for stolen bicycles." Do landlords have a moral right to demand that a tenant must store (for a fee) his or her bicycle in a rack, but give little or no protection if the bicycle would be stolen? The only way that you can avoid the transportation fee is by walking.

But keep in mind, the management reserves the right to make any new "rules and or policies" in addition to its present ones as it sees fit.

I'm tired of not being able to do anything about my situation. I feel frustrated and helpless. If anybody else feels the same let's get together and do something about it. Stand up and be heard.

There is a new organization forming in Provo for renters rights called Renters United.

hunger and the byu waste machine

by yvette young

Today's BYU student, no matter how poor, is insulated from the burning reality of genuine poverty. A cornucopia of educational, spiritual, and financial opportunities are laid out for us when we come here. Not more than eight or ten streets away from where we comfortably reside are the "Others." For these Others, the doors of opportunity are locked. Why? Because they have no money, no home, no food. They lack the basic necessities and cannot adequately apply themselves to higher pursuits (including the search for employment) until these fundamental needs are met.

As a body of people who have professed to take on the name of Christ, we have assumed the responsibility to aid these Others. For most of us, our meager budget rules out aid in the form of money. Even so, donations alone do not solve the problem. Furthermore, most of our schedules do not permit the donation of time. Fortunately, there are several agencies in Provo and Orem where volunteers contribute to the basic needs of the homeless and aid them in utilizing what few opportunities do exist.

The organizations generally provide the homeless with showers and meals. The meals they provide are donated daily by local businesses, but quantities are small due to the lack of storage space. Thus, such organizations rely daily on charitable organizations. As members of a large and affluent organization (BYU), we

can mobilize and turn daily waste into meals.

Most of us are familiar with the food service structures now in place at BYU. They range from catering to the Cougarate to the cafeterias in the dorms. Each of these food service locations produce different amounts of waste, but all could be capitalized upon. A representative from BYU Food Services says that they (at the Food Services) try to decrease waste by controlling the amount of food the chefs prepare. This, she says, is relatively successful. Internally, she claims, they have quelled the problem (well, maybe). However, all the food that has been prepared must be disposed of at the end of the day.

This policy of waste come directly from the Utah Health Code. Under this code, Food Services is liable for all food given away. However, BYU is currently altering its rendition of the policy in accordance with a recent piece of legislation known as the "Good Samaritan Law." This law would partially absolve Food Services of liability when donating food.

If BYU were to adopt and amended policy, it is certain that the immense waste occurring specifically in cafeterias (a subject which was not addressed by the Food Service representative) would be highlighted for PR purposes—if BYU extended its consideration of amendments from only including vending machines to include actual food service locations. However, even the microscopic vending machine approach is only being "considered," and this consideration process is destined to go on

for some time. In the meantime, Food Service employees continue to witness and lament the tremendous waste in cafeterias.

BYU is faced with a legal dilemma. While they argue over wordings and policies, there are some things we can do to solve the problem. First, when participating in conferences and workshops which are catered, request to have the leftover meals boxed up. Since this food has been paid for, it is legal for buyers to take the extra and donate it. Second, request that the organization to which you are donating the food sign a legal release of liability. Small businesses often protect themselves in this manner to avoid liability. Third, pressure administrators to accept the Good Samaritan Law for all food services. By taking these steps, we can reduce waste in our happy little corner of Not-So-Happy-Valley.

"naked" from page 12

conception of our naked ethics is in order. We have allowed ourselves to be manipulated by powerful economic entities with a vested interest in making our bodies seem sinful, shameful, and dirty. Conscientious clothing objectors everywhere need to rise up, and stand shoulder to shoulder with the naked proletariat, shouting the battle cry: "Heck yes, we'll undress!"

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"masochism" from page 5

You are ready to go take that test on Swedish government.

(2) It's about 4:30 p.m. on a cold Tuesday. You have just returned from the testing center where you failed a test that you had studied all night for. Your roommate comes in and tells you that he is sorry, but he forgot to get the tickets for the *Swim Herschel Swim* show, so you have nothing to do tonight. Everything seems to have gone wrong and you feel so mad you want to break something. Instead of letting your personal problems take over and ruin your hard-earned stuff, go over to the wall and pound it as hard as you can with your fist. Continue to do so until you feel more relaxed. There, now. That was kind of enjoyable, wasn't it? And you didn't even break anything (except maybe a few bones in your hand, which will heal quickly anyway).

(3) There are still 30 minutes of biology class left and you are about as bored as a person can be without being declared legally dead. You

look around and find everyone else in the same state. You don't want to fall asleep because the last time someone did, the teacher woke her up and humiliated her in front of the whole class. What can you do? Suddenly, you remember the bruise you got when you slipped in the tub this morning. You reach down and start to press your bruise to see how it's doing. Then you start to experiment to see how hard you can press it before you have to stop and how far around the perimeter of the bruise it hurts. Suddenly, the bell rings and class ends. You walk out with a smile and run home to make another bruise. (This procedure also works with nails that have been cut too short.)

(4) It's Wednesday night, and you have about five hours of textbook reading to do for the next morning. You've been sitting around the apartment for four hours trying to figure out your civil engineering assignment. You have to release energy, but you're half-naked, so you

can't run around outside. Grab a bag of stale Uncle Mike's cookies—to go and smash them against your forehead repeatedly as they crumble in the bag. Release a sick laugh as you put on some thrash songs and slam dance with the wall. After about ten minutes, you are relaxed and back to your homework. (Any disposable food item will work in this situation.)

There are countless examples and countless variations. You have to be creative and invent your own masochistic ideas in order to maximize the benefits. But remember—you can go too far. If the pain lasts for more than three hours, that's a good indication that you've taken it over the edge. If you start to hang yourself from your eyelids on ceiling plant hooks or wear roller skate with your nipples in vice grips, then you should probably slow down and reevaluate the benefits as opposed to the drawbacks.

"library" from page 8

celebrities have made the big time. Print out the results. From the main menu just type "a=" followed by

- Pia Zadora
- Chuck Woolery
- Hugh Jass
- Barbara Eden
- Spud Webb
- Serge Martinez
- Charo.

Or, go straight to the information desk (the religion or Asian studies floors are also nice) and ask (again, as loudly as possible without being too obvious), "Yeah, do you have that new Wilk Chamberlain book in?"

Keep moving. That's the key—keep moving. I've found that if I sit still in the library for more than 90 seconds, I fall asleep. No matter where I am or what position I'm in. So be careful.

There's a plaque in every carrel of the HBL which reads: "This carrel is reserved to a graduate student. You must vacate it upon request." But who really kicks people out of carrels? *You do.* Ask politely but sleepily (remember, you're playing a grad student), "Excuse me, this is my carrel, would you mind vacating it upon my request?" Start on one end and go on down the wall, waiting each time for the last victim to get out of viewing range.

Once you've cleaned out the carrels, hit the tables. Try to find the most studious-looking students, ones who look like they're cramming for a test, and sit down across from them. Start reading a stray copy of the *Universe*... (What am I

"Sorry, no, we're just having drinks." We ducked out and hit the highway. P.C. all the way.

After 301 miles of Nevada, Alex and I came to several conclusions: (1) Nevada is beautiful in its own God-forsaken, bleak, miserable, wind-ravaged, pimpled-with-sagebrush way; (2) *never* pick up hitchhikers in a prison area; (3) the asphalt we were driving on was contiguous with the asphalt in my apartment's parking lot in Davis; (4) I should lie about what really happened at the Mustang in my column.

We crashed in Elko, Nev. Crossing into Utah the next morning, we reflected that no two adjacent states are more philosophically opposed than Nevada, whose motto is "Yep, it's legal," and Utah, whose motto is "You can't touch this."

Finally, we arrived at BYU. The campus sits right at the foot of a dramatic, towering, snow-covered mountain that looks like ... THE VERY FACE OF GOD! Or just a mountain. Yes, just a mountain.

As we strolled past the dorms, we saw four students

saying(!?!)...the *Student Review*. Once you've established position, start the small talk. "Whatcha studying?" "What's your major?"

"Where ya from?" "Gee, there sure aren't many people in the carrels today. They're usually packed. I remember the other day I had to sit way over in the corner and I couldn't even see the clock ..." See how long they last. Pretty soon, you'll have a whole floor to yourself and you can pick the locks on the locked bookcases and see what's really in there.

If you bring friends along, library fun takes on a whole new dimension. Group fun includes microfiche winding races, hide-and-go-seek, illegal flyer posting, how-many-people-can-you-fit-in-a-carrel, banister bobsledding, and much more. Then, we musn't forget the queen mother of all library coups: the sleepover. Hide out long enough for the security guards to go home (the first floor is the safest) and the library is all yours. For accommodations, there's everything from presidential suites (the study rooms) to the youth hosteling (I hear there are couches in the women's restrooms). See if Domino's really delivers. Make a bonfire out of economics periodicals and gather round to exchange tales of the Mad Man McKay, who still can be seen in the wee hours trying to talk his way out of paying his overdue fees. Have a ball. And don't get caught.

(who looked remarkably like the people in the pictures that come with frames) raking leaves and putting them into plastic bags. Now there's something you don't see in Davis.

We asked a guy where the student hangout was. Somewhat taken aback by our appearance, he gave contradictory sets of directions (in a very pleasant manner) to a place about 50 feet away.

At what would be their Coffee House, if they served coffee, we got some drinks and sat down. On a message board nearby was written "I am better than average-looking, and a nice person. Why can't I find a man to marry me?" Scrawled around this question was "Dave 723-5911" and "Mike 763-2143" and "Fred 763-9288" and "Paul 723-7214." Another question was: "Why do all you BYU students look alike?"

We hung out on what would be their Quad for the afternoon, talking to a number of people who passed by. We observed: (1) all the

see "road" page 31

the road to byu

by bill gates

With a spring in my step, joy in my heart and a smile on my face, I skipped merrily to the mailbox, opened it and found thin rejection letters from all three cold, heartless graduate schools I had applied to.

Golly. What to do? Get ... a job?

Wiping the last tear of laughter from my face, I mailed requests for applications to every other graduate school in North America.

Wading through the ensuing postal flood, I fished out an application to BYU. Solid department. Good professors. Not too late to apply.

But wait a minute ... What's this? You have to sign a "Code of Honor Commitment" promising that you will:

- (1) Obey, honor and sustain the law.
- (2) Abstain from alcoholic beverages, tobacco, tea and coffee.
- (3) Live the law of chastity.

And you must agree to abide by the "Dress and Grooming Standards," which state:

"Shorts, swimming suits, and gym clothes are acceptable wear only in the living and athletic areas. So-called 'grubby attire' may be worn only in the immediate areas of residence halls ... but not in dining areas. Grubby attire includes tank tops, sweat suits, jogging attire, bib overalls, clothes with holes ... Men must wear socks with

shoes.

"Acceptable attire will be designated for each student body dance.

"MEN: Beards are not acceptable. Beards are defined as noticeable growth that is beginning to look 'grubby' ... Under rare circumstances a few students with medical situations may wear neatly trimmed beards ... Mens' hairstyles should be clean, neat, and trim.

"WOMEN: A woman's dress, skirt, culottes, or slacks are to extend at least to the top of the knee while she is standing ... Evening and formal wear may not include low-cut or strapless gowns."

Gee-whillikers. Could your average Aggie cut it at BYU? I decided to visit the campus in Provo, Utah before I applied.

I called my friend Alex. He said "road trip" before I could.

Tunes cranking, shades on, we got as far as Sacramento when a delightful CHP officer proffered Alex a written reminder to obey, honor and sustain the law. Whoops. Alex decided he would go to traffic school and learn how to become a "safe driver for life"—for the fourth time.

At Circus Circus in Reno we stumbled to the nicker video poker machines—stumbled partly because of the beers, partly because we were wearing sunglasses in a dimly lit casino. We had beers of course, because we were abstaining from tobacco, tea or coffee. Oh wait. Maybe we were supposed to abstain from all of them. Whoops.

Looking around, we noticed that there were few, if any, BYU students here.

Just outside Reno, Exit 23: Mustang. The infamous Mustang Ranch. Alex and I looked at each other. Whoops. The devil himself must have paved the highway to BYU.

We knew we could just visit the bar, but as Aggies we were confronted with the question: Would it be politically correct to visit a whorehouse? As we mused over this question, we pulled into the lot next to the Broncos, Chevy Novas, truck cabs and pick-ups. Ringing the buzzer on the gate, we walked into the pink pastel building. We walked into a wall of 10 women, all lined up, all looking at us expectantly. Frogs in a flashlight, we finally mustered, "Uh ... just drinks."

Three Japanese men smoked at the bar, uninterested in us. A large, ape-like bartender demanded our order. From the vast menu—Bud or Bud Light—we selected two Bud Lights. Ape-man plunked down two thimbles of Bud Light and took us for \$6. Looking around, I noticed that few, if any, BYU students were here.

A woman walked up to us and asked, "Are you fellows going to the bedroom?" Hmmm. But we hardly know each other. Could it be love at first sight? Or perhaps, was this a bar in a whorehouse? Feeling the pressure of explaining all this to my girlfriend, I looked to Alex who was feeling other pressures. Alex mustered,

"Iemuel" from page 20

Dear Diary,
Mom was pregnant. She had a boy—named him Joe. We all have families now, and most of us have at least one kid. I have two—Frank and Jesse. They're terrorists, but I guess they'll grow out of it. I've got to write more often, but I always put it off. I don't know why, by my wife is getting really buff. I'm worried about it because she's almost gotten bigger than me. Laman's wife is huge. She's stronger than eight cows. But then, I always told Laman he had an eight cow wife.
Lem.

Dear Diary,
Oy Veh! Would that there was a good Deli in the wilderness. I'm, craving some bagels and lox, maybe pastrami on rye. Nephi says God told him to build a boat. He's never even seen a boat; Jerusalem's landlocked. I've never seen more than a glass of water at one time, let alone an ocean, and Nephi thinks he's Noah all of a sudden. He can't even shoot a bow. He broke his last week. We went a day without any food because of it, but Nephi probably called it a fast.
Lem.

Dear Diary,
Laman just gave me a tattoo, it really hurts. He rubbed salt in it before I could stop him. He said it makes it feel better. It hurts like the dickens. I don't know why I let him do it; he can talk me into just about any thing. I can't believe it's been eight years since we left home, and here we are on a beach with a ship that probably won't even float. Mom had another baby—called him Jacob. I can already tell he's going to be nothing but trouble.
Lem.

Dear Diary,
I'm really sea sick. We've been having a party here on that ship Nephi made. It worked pretty good; we've been floating around for about two weeks now. We tied Nephi up yesterday because he is so stiff. Laman got really mad at him when he was drunk. It's been stormy a lot. If it gets much worse we might sink. Everybody says that God is punishing us with this storm and that we should untie Nephi. Right! I doubt it. But maybe we should untie him after Family Home Evening.
Lem.

"road" from page 30

students were white, friendly, neatly dressed, good-looking and had perfect teeth; (2) all the students were too friendly; (3) the campus was too quiet; (4) no one made eye contact with us; (5) there were a disproportionate number of conversations about engagement rings; (6) a woman with a walkie-talkie was discreetly observing us.

Aggies out of water, Alex and I felt the need to see a guy with long hair or a woman with short hair, or anyone looking slightly existentially disturbed. In short, where the hell were the art students?

On a wild whim, we headed for the art building, where we found more white, neatly-dressed, good-looking students, and some rather decent art.

ANSWERS TO NAME THAT SEVENTIES TUNE

1. Copacabana—Barry Manilow 2. Stayin' Alive—Bee Gees 3. You're the One that I Want—John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John 4. The Rose—Bette Midler 5. The Devil Went Down to Georgia—Charlie Daniels Band 6. Bicycle Race—Queen 7. Convoy—C.W. McCall 8. My Sharona—The Knack 9. (They Long to Be) Close to You—The Carpenters 10. Lady Marmalade—LaBelle 11. You Light Up My Life—Debbie Boone 12. Pop Muzik—M 13. Da Doo Ron Ron—Shaun Cassidy 14. 50 Ways to Leave your Lover—Paul Simon 15. Crocodile Rock—Elton John 16. Don't Bring Me Down—Electric Light Orchestra 17. Short People—Randy Newman 18. Love Will Keep Us Together—The Captain & Tennille 19. YMCA—Village People 20. Please Don't Go—KC & The Sunshine Band 21. Escape (The Pina Colada Song)—Rupert Holmes 22. Saturday Night—Bay City Rollers 23. Dancing Queen—Abba 24. Seasons in the Sun—Terry Jacks 25. King Tut—Steve Martin 26. Saturday's Warrior—SW cast (Lex DeAzevedo). Amen.

For a moment we felt drawn to BYU—the friendly people, the high moral character, the sheer amount of money flowing into the campus—but something was not quite right. Then, suddenly, we figured out what the ominous undercurrent was: It was before the Red Hour.

Yes, before the Red Hour, as in that old Star Trek episode with the planet where everyone was extremely friendly, yet slightly robotic, and then at the Red Hour burst into a fit of wanton destruction. (It turns out, of course, that they are controlled by a computer that Capt. Kirk, in a spasm of convoluted logic, argues into self-destruction.)

Afraid of the impending Red Hour, Alex and I headed home on Highway 50, the self-proclaimed and aptly-named "Loneliest Road in America."

Thirteen hours, two tanks of gas and one lifespan-reducing, ear-splitting, out-of-nowhere powerpass by a low-flying Navy fighter jet later, we were safely back at Davis.

I opted not to apply to BYU.

"The Road to BYU" first appeared April 22, 1991 in Bill Gates' column "Toys in the Attic" in The California Aggie, copyright 1991. Bill Gates is now safely out of the country, attending grad school at the University of British Columbia.

Clarification: Inspired by the success and popularity of its add/drop cards, BYU has implemented an Eternal Companion Add/Drop System. According to this system, whomever you were dating as of January 15 is officially your Eternal Companion. Anyone desiring a different Eternal Companion must obtain an add/drop card from the Provo Temple Step-Down Lounge and have it signed by the First Presidency. Naturally, drop fees will increase daily.

"geo" from page 22

persisted in Mormonism, often, because of rather than in spite of, efforts by the Mormon leadership. Conference talks in the past have emphasized American patriotism, American culture, and American values. This is not surprising considering the constituency of the LDS hierarchy. In an organization where less than a third of its American members are Utahans, and barely half of its general membership are U.S. citizens, both Americans and Utahans are highly over-represented in the ranks of general authorities. Perhaps the emphasis placed on America has led many American members to feel arrogant pride in America and disdain for other countries, economic systems, and ways of life. As we strive to become a church that appeals to all inhabitants of the Earth, Mormon "American Worship" will continue to be a stumbling block until we adopt a less offensive concept of America's

"creed" from page 28

general, is the adoption of false dichotomies that the Restoration sought to overcome. We should heed Brigham Young's warning: "I will tell you who the real fanatics are: they are they who adopt false principles and ideas as facts, and try to establish a superstructure upon a false foundation. They are the fanatics; and however ardent and zealous they may be, they may reason or argue on false premises till doomsday, and the result will be false" (JD 13:271). The reason/revelation dichotomy is deadly to true religion, as is a creed that does not claim all truth as its own. And truth is possible only insofar as we reason among ourselves and include God as one of us.

Clarification: BYU is no longer the Lord's university. In fact, in the recent UPI ranking of Lord's universities, BYU placed only 17th. Currently topping the polls is the *Università del Signore* in Florence, Italy

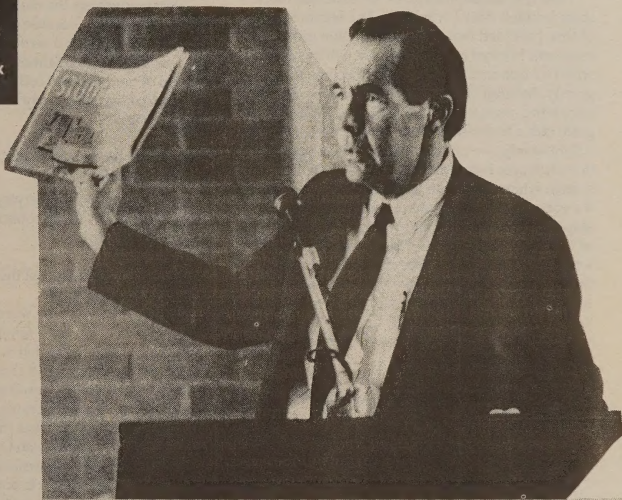


PHOTO BY ALAN MARTIN

"JUST PICKED MINE UP THIS MORNING" —REX LEE

(PHOTO COURTESY OF THE DAILY UNIVERSE)

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SCA WOLFF SYSTEM

Today's students:

I'm a little discouraged that many BYU students tend to be apathetic. Being a college student means being engaged—in study, research, thinking, and action. Unless you're doing those things, you're missing out on big pieces of your education experience. I love being involved with students who care deeply about their education, about environmental issues, about social issues, who come in and say, "I want to do something." Unfortunately, only a limited portion of our student body fits into the activist category.

Religion and activism:

Religious leaders, from the first recorded sacred texts to the present, have asked people to be responsible not only in their relationships to one another but to the earth. And furthermore, we're counselled in all sacred texts to be actively engaged in a good cause. Otherwise, we're part of the problem. In my opinion, everyone who reads sacred texts—Mormon sacred texts in particular—does not fulfill his or her responsibilities unless he or she takes a stand on social and environmental issues.

Redefining our consumption based ideology:

The human population of the earth has more than doubled since I was born. As I became aware of this, I decided that as our population grows and resources become more scarce, we will be faced with two options. First, we could become more greedy, fighting bitterly and interminably for the remaining resources. If this happens, we'll disintegrate into a lower state than the one we are now in. Alternatively, we can rethink the whole population/resource relationship and come to a new system where we live in a sustainable manner on the earth, where we improve our social relationships with one another and we figure out new ways of relating with the earth. I'm waiting to see which way we're going to go. I see signs of both systems. But unless we change the way we think about the earth, unless we solve some of these great social and environmental problems, unless we change the way we think about one another, we're not going to survive on this planet.

March 18, 1992: Steve Walker, BYU professor of English:

J.R.R. Tolkien:

Tolkien taught me that the imaginative world is where we really live.

May 19, 1992: Cecilia Konchar Farr, BYU

professor of English. Cecilia is faculty co-advisor of VOICE, the BYU Committee to Promote the Status of Women.

Academia's attitude toward activism:

There is an attitude in the academy that we are supposed to sit in our Ivory Towers and not get involved and get our hands dirty with what is going on in the world. We are supposed to be superior, objective, distanced, and detached—just watching it happen.

Being an academic activist:

I always hyphenate academic-activist because to me they are so intertwined. As you stand in front of a class and teach, you are always imparting your values, goals, opinions to the students. I am just very up-front about that, and I let students know what my values, goals, and opinions are, and let them know that they are not getting some kind of detached, objective knowledge. Even in a class where a professor appears to be apolitical, students are still getting that professor's values and goals. If those goals support the status quo, that is just as political a position as is a determination to see things change; it implies an acceptance of things as they are.

Feminist activism:

What moves me the most deeply is the pain that women suffer, because it moves across cultures, across races, and across ethnicities. The fact that I see a lot of inequalities in our system—both in and out of our Mormon culture for women—means I generally have a lot to say about how the world has to change.

Her controversial membership in the National Organization of Women (NOW):

I am a proud, card-carrying member of NOW. If anything, NOW is too conservative for my feminist theorizing.

Feminism, getting past the "f-word" and seeing the eternal perspective:

My five least favorite words in the English language are, "I am not a feminist, but..." and everything that follows that is a definition of why the person is a feminist. We know that women don't get equal pay for equal work, and that holds a lot of implications for working mothers and for single parents. That touches me so deeply that I can't help but be an activist. Our goal is to become celestial beings and to pursue excellence. There is something wrong, and it is not conducive to or in harmony with the Mormon faith that women should have barriers to their eternal progression.

Come One!
Come All!

Student Review
RECRUITMENT
MEETING

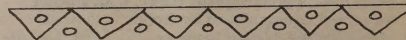
WEDNESDAY
SEPTEMBER 9th
6 PM
251 MSRB

WE NEED:

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WRITERS (AND ANY OTHER
POSITION I FORGOT TO MENTION
IN THIS FREE AD SPACE)

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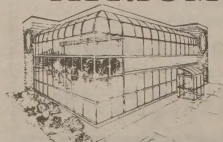


It's 11:00PM . . . Do You Know
Where Your Roommate Is?

Probably at the Atrium Restaurant, the perfect place in Provo for students to go late night. Weekday or weekend you can relax with friends until 1:00AM at the non-alcoholic bar and order a variety of drinks and excellent food. And if you're worried about prices, just check out our menu below, you can't find better food at these prices anywhere. There's a big screen TV and plenty of room to hang out.

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(Served with potato wedges)
Old Fashioned Burger.....\$2.95
Bacon & Swiss Burger\$3.75
Chicken and Swiss\$3.75
Turkey and Swiss.....\$3.25

SPECIALTY DINNERS

(Served with potato wedges)
Fish & Chips.....\$3.95
Fried Chicken\$4.95



Probably the most startling plate yet discovered, this California plate has been identified as belonging to Hagoth, who evidently discovered California on the maiden voyage of his new cruise liner—Rad Planet. It is thought that Hagoth drove the car with this plate down to Zarahemla from California in order to advertise his next cruise.



The number 12 on this plate's registration sticker apparently refers to the twelfth year after the sign of Christ's birth. It has been suggested that this plate belonged to Samuel the Lamanite, who rejected the Nephi nation and its prideful practice of personalizing license plates.